THE FORUM

FOR FEBRUARY 1914

THE MODEL

HARRIET MONROE

HAVE you forgotten—you, the chief,
The art-director, president,
What not, of the establishment—
Forgot how for a moment brief
The whole show, all our strife and stir,
Went out—for her?

You led me through your galleries
And dreams—the pictures new and old
And good and bad, the battles bold
You fought with principalities
And powers. We chaffed and laughed away
Such woes that day!

And built such castles domed and towered
For Art to live in by and by,
When men should know the How and Why;
For Art to live in, throned and dowered,
When the world's works and ways should be
Both fair and free.

From hope to rage and back again
We flashed, flung curses red as bombs
At the dull age, lit hecatombs
Of lies and laws and flaws, and then

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Reached for the stars and plucked them down
To make man's crown.

The Truth!—that was our cry—the Truth,
Whose heart and mind, whose lips and eyes,
Her first glance and her last surprise,
Are Beauty. All the while, forsooth,
Bold Chance, the blind interpreter,
Led us—to her.

A school door swung—and she was there!
Strange, how the proud world slunk away
And left her with the waning day
Alone. All vanished unaware—
The class, the great high-windowed hall,
And we, and all.

Yea, all our plans, the futile show
Of art, wherewith rash man aspires
To breathe into the dust life's fires,
And be as God. She stood a-glow
Fresh from God's hand. 'Twas all in vain—
Our hope, our pain.

God beat us at the game. For her
The dim day flared with rose and gold.
A slim moon softly aureoled,
She shone apart and would not stir,
Hesitant at the rim of space,
Veiling her face.

Out in the dream she rose—afar—
With Eve, new-flowered in paradise;
With Helen, whose effulgent eyes
Men sang to through the crash of war;
With Aphrodite, foam-empearled,
Kindling the world.

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The winds of doom grew soft for her,
Nor dared even touch the curls that hid
Her face in dusky gold; nor chid
With change, that recreant pillager,
Her still, immortal loveliness,
So brave to bless.

The place a temple was, and we,
Tricked out with odds and ends of faith—
Mere rags worn thin by life and death—
Profaned the immaculate mystery,
Looked on the truth with blasphemous eyes,
Afraid to rise.

The moment met us and was gone,
The proof of all and the despair.
We sought the dark, growing aware
Of our stript souls; and then anon
Tried all in vain to tread again
The ways of men.

The bold words died upon our lips,
The clatter of our feet grew still.
Even now—ah, does it waft your will
Through ether-seas in wingèd ships—
The sight of her beyond shut eyes,
The white surprise?

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THE WORLD-MAN

WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

THE growth of the human spirit is from simplicity to complication, and back to simplicity again, each circle in a nobler dimension of progress. There is the simplicity of the peasant and the simplicity of the seer. Between these two lie all the confusion and alarm of life; a passage of disorder well-designated Self-Consciousness.

Here are the rapids, the calling rocks, false lights, the dragons and all ferocity; here are fear, greed, desire, the sirens and all sensuousness. Every lasting epic has pictured the passage in part, before Ulysses and since Peer Gynt. Every returning knight has portrayed his particular devils. The journey or voyage is the one story in the world, the one drama, the one allegory. Conscious of himself, man goes forth on his own will. For the time the divine will is abrogated, and this constitutes the only hell there is.

The orders of life beneath man, played upon by natural forces, render back no answering consciousness. Man, self-conscious, realizes not only himself, but his neighbor. Infinite and sordid complications arise. Not only does he sense his own desires and appetites, but perceives his neighbor's—and how his neighbor satisfies them. That envy and competition should result is as inevitable as humidity when the rain-clouds are close in hot weather; as inevitable as the product of greed out of desire, and cruelty out of fear. Moreover, to a man, self-conscious, it appears, as obviously as light and darkness, that there are matters to tell and matters to withhold. Concealment and perversion of fact are the fruits of this particular planting. From lying and deceiving his neighbor, the illusion thickens until a man lies and deceives himself, and he is adrift in the dragon's seas, indeed. It would appear, misery and tribulation thus upon him, that man would realize his own will accomplished this—that his own will, and none other, had betrayed him. Yet all human history is held in the interval of man's failure to perceive this plain law of cause and effect; and though all enduring human

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achievement, in tone and stone and word and pigment, repeats the tragedy of the self-conscious will, and the final "Thy will be done" of certain belated valiants, yet only the Brotherhood-Dreamers perceive it to-day.

Man must master himself to listen to the higher law; that is the difficulty. The man who enters a cage of wild beasts, knows well that if he masters himself he is safe. In a self-conscious life, properly spent, man masters himself. He is not eligible to enter the spiritual elect, until this is accomplished. Dante's descents into hell picture the multitudes enchanted for millenniums in their especial illusions. One lesson, but one, from it all: If you do not master your devil in self-conscious life, you will feel his mastery afterward.

There is an eternal splendor in the plan that the self-man must master himself to become the world-man. Self-consciousness, with all its torture and travail of experience, is the only known portage between that inland lake which is the simplicity of the peasant, to the oceanic simplicity of the seer.

In his very nature, the world-man can only come into being of his own volition. You force and direct the will of your child, but wisely withdraw and await his call for help, if ever his manhood is to be secured. So the divine will withdraws itself, and man makes his world for a season. We look around at the sorry job of it, but we must not be lost in its apparitions. Since the only evil in the world is the misuse of self-consciousness, and since self-consciousness is the only passage to emancipation, a new clarity comes to the frequent reiteration of philosophers that there is no sin.

But, accepting this, one must declare also that there is no good. Many have done this without lying to themselves. These are just bleak days on the road. Night comes with the mysterious apprehensions of darkness, and God is seen in the stars. Morning brings the revelations of the grass and the shores to a quickened perception. At last man sees the sons of God in the eyes of passing men, as those must do who discern the vision of Brotherhood. There is no doubting after that.

Evil cannot be denied, since all the seeds scattered in the garden of Earth *do not* bring forth their spiritual fruit. Recall

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the parable of the Sower. Stony ground, indeed, is this self-consciousness, and many fall therein. There is a destructive element at work in life, a push for every pull, or the planets would not spin. There is a left hand that withholds, for the right that impels; a gravitation that demands death for the apergy that uplifts to world vision. Sin is as good a name as another for this destroying force, and it is foolish to affirm its non-existence.

Without evil there could be no development, nor any sense of good. Since man apprehends good with the beginnings of his spiritual consciousness, there would be no such consciousness without evil. Without knowledge of good and evil, there could be no God, no conscious creative force. In self-consciousness, man learns good and evil. The beginnings of spiritual consciousness appear from choosing the good and discarding the evil. Spiritual consciousness, its flowering and fruitage, is the only worthy answer of Mother Earth for her spiritual impregnation, and for the æons of quickening solar energy played upon her.

God is the spiritual source of life. The larger the human consciousness, the less will God be humanized in conception; the more atrocious appears the tendency to confine him to man-made forms. You must be a God to conceive God. That which drives the world is the vitality of God—a divine emanation. Thus God is in the starry night, in the wash of the waves; in the corn and the olives and the grapes, in the cattle and the wheat. The more potent the divine force in any creature, the greater its glory. More finely and powerfully integrated than elsewhere, this divine force is integrated in the soul of man.

As the heart of man is the organ of the blood, the soul of man is the organ of the spirit. Its systole and diastole is service on the one hand, and inspiration on the other. The heart belongs to the temporary instrument; and the soul in its developed state is an exchange, or sub-station of the great central spiritual energy which is, by every indication, everlasting. The value of each sub-station is its individuality. It receives the same power in its inspiration; but gives forth service of its own kind. As the dry seed contains the embryonic plant and its first nutriment, so

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the flesh of man is the nourishing matrix of his soul. The plan is the same; the scale larger and more beautiful.

By every observation, law and analogy in life, the constructive purpose at work in the world is toward the end of the increase of spiritual receptivity in every creature, a continually heightening vibration toward the key-rhythm. There is the seeming inertia of minerals, the group or simple consciousness of animals, the self-consciousness of humanity at large, the flowering of the greater consciousness in the world-men; and finally the first fruits of earth—Divinely Conscious Man, the Son of God and Mother Earth. From that seeming inertia of the rock, to the more or less pure integration of spiritual consciousness which is Godhood, every step of the progress is a refining of matter to a heightened vibration—increased spiritual receptivity, increased capacity for inspiration. Even in the earth itself, there is evidence that electricity was not always a planetary resource. Potentially electricity existed, as there is potential self-consciousness in the rabbit, and potential divinity in the self-man. Mother Earth undergoing a continually heightened vibration had to reach a certain pitch before there could be electrical manifestation. This force will become as common as muscular energy. Other more brilliant, subtle and potent energies will appear and adjust themselves to the spiritual will of man.

If the repetition be permitted, Spirit, in itself, the emanation of God, is the universal driving force. Spirit must have matter or there can be no manifestation. For the integration of spirit into centralized systems—for the very localizing of its consciousness in separate beings—matrices of matter are required. This is the purpose of the union of God, the Father, and Earth, the Mother. All earth creatures are products of this union. The great constructive scheme of this union is the production of divine men, in whom spiritual force is no longer diffused and dependent upon matter, but integrated, *through* matter, into conscious creative being. This is the Godhood of man. As the young oak trees differ from their sire, the splendid centre of the forest, so the sons of creative spiritual consciousness establish their centres and bring forth their kind.

Now, each spiritual consciousness is a growth of separate

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and individual history. Each has a thread of experience that runs from the beginning, from the very rock itself. This thread runs through the passage of self-consciousness, where the climaxes of earth-experience are reached, and where self-mastery is won or lost. Not one of these threads of experience can ever be duplicated. According to it, is determined the quality of the individual's art or action; and since there will never be another like it, the decay and ruin of a human soul, in self-consciousness, is the only tragedy in the world.

A butterfly is crawling through the high June grass, dragging its weather-blackened cocoon. The sun is shining, but she is caught in the dewy shade. Her ancient shelter is bound about her vitals, locking the damp untried wings. Sunlight will dry her wings to slip forth; sunlight will dry and fold back the rent in the cocoon; sunlight will set her free. If she fails to reach the sunlight, her strength will pass, and the worms will find her there . . . trembling untried wings, useless wings that blow softly among the twigs and grasses, and the hungry denizens of the surface earth. . . . Yet, all the time the sun is shining.

Self-conscious man comes toward the spiritual sunlight—trailing his past, trailing his earthly house. These are burdens that answer only to the force of gravitation. Up to the time of his breaking forth from the ancient shelter of simple-consciousness, his destiny was divinely planned. Now, in the consciousness of a different light shining strangely upon his faculties, he must use his own strength and render his own decision. He has reached the crossing of the past and the future—the dramatic hour of all evolution. There is a universal suspense while he makes his choice. To emerge into the spiritual sunlight, he must cast off all incumbrance and appearance.

Self-conscious man stands listening, poised in the balance of time. His body feels the pull of the earth; his soul inclines to the apergy of spiritual generation. Even in the tenement of flesh, he feels the warmth of the perfect radiance. Even through the windows of the flesh, he perceives his own, The Light. If he does not go forth into that light—consciously and in order—lo, he shall surely die. For this is the law. Achieving self-con-

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sciousness, he has fixed an identity. The return of that identity to earth is his destruction. He must go forth consciously and in order to the light of the spiritual sun. Suddenly, in that light, he shall feel the ecstasy of wings, lifting, sustaining.

This is the great turning. Man drinks and thirsts again—until he turns to the Living Water. Man eats of the bread that perishes—until he turns to the Bread of Life. In self-consciousness, man has reached the time when the earth will not sustain him. The root to the ground; the flower to the sun. Man has flowered to the spiritual light, and the earth no longer contains the more essential elements of his nourishment. This is the one truth of the world—all else is vain and trivial compared to it. And yet it is almost too simple to grasp—that henceforth man must listen and lean upon and look toward the spiritual force that drives the world, and not to the increment of this force, which matter is.

All arts, all inventions, all that glows in the world, all compassion, all beauty of service, is energized from the beginnings of spiritual consciousness—all that makes men loved and remembered and idealized.

Hell itself is the perfect system. Without it you cannot deliver over your developed will and mastered self to receive in turn the higher consciousness. You must descend into hell to bring back the consciousness of all that you passed through *and escaped,* in order to earn an instantaneous and familiar sympathy with the world—the first and most important requisite of the world-man. Hell itself is right—the tragedy is to remain. The tragedy is to fail to see, in the midst of a thousand evidences, the horror and death of its illusions.

War, commercial madness, all the vanities of intellect, all appeals to fancied elects, all schools of art which for a day exploit their technicalities, all caste, class, slavery, all cults and departures, are but the detainers of self-consciousness. Men have identified themselves emotionally with all these things, and been betrayed by them. The most flagrant illusion of them all is materialism. Without the idealist there could be no heaven. Man makes his heaven by his thoughts in the flesh. Peace and the amplitude, the beauty and the glory of spiritual conscious-

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ness, can only be claimed, pointed off and made perfect, by the man who has made the surveys of his country from the life in the flesh. The realist will find his base materials, nothing more, a sufficient hell.

The return of man to the divine will with his treasures of individuality—that is the high way. Man, a living record of his own adventures, bound in flesh, a superb creation of the earth, realizing himself, and returning from his latest and greatest voyage of discovery, bringing his splendid gifts to the Master—that is the illumination of the world-man. . . . Caught in the illusions of the world, fighting to establish a separate mastery, betraying the Master who equipped him for the journey—that is the treachery and the tragedy of the soul.

The terrible secret of many a spiritual striver has been his inability to love something which he dare not conceive. He is told to love God. . . . The stars are not God. He tries to send out his worship, between and beyond the stars, his mind torturing itself to fix the point of God. Many have wasted in this delusion. . . . I see from my window the standing corn, rows of peas and beans in rich maturing, the mystery of decay in a pile of compost, dipping meadow-lands, the yellow floor of a fresh-cut oat-field with the tumbled shocks; I see the distant elms. If the door were open, I could see the bee-hives—most wonderful of all. For the bees take the present of the flowers and give them back their future.

Often the eyes sting with a sudden sense of the beauty and mystery of common things—that is the love of God in man's heart. . . . Man may love the master-souls among men; thrill with love at the laughter of children; he may love the myriad evidences of God in the world. . . . The view from the window, the saddle horse lifting his head to listen to the distant train—the whole glowing pastoral from this window—from any window—thrills with the spirit of God. . . .

Does the old apiarist demand of the bees—*Love me?* They serve him best by loving one another. When all is at its highest best—they are raptly at work together. The old apiarist will see them through the winter. . . . God loves the world

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through the souls of men. We receive the love of God—that is the in-breathing, that is the inspiration. The outpouring is service to men. We love God by loving our neighbor—that is the immortal formula.

On a certain morning, a man found an insect drama enacting at the edge of his garden. His eyes and brain were occupied in the drawing mystery of it, while his fuller, deeper faculties sank into a trance of contemplation. That was his hour. The very road to Damascus, it proved for him. There and then he realized: All life is One. . . . That sense of Oneness is the beginning of the world-man's consciousness. That sense of Oneness is the first deep breath of the soul; that is the in-breathing, the inspiration. Realizing that, one regards the stranger with awe and tenderness, and with compassion he regards the deepest-down man. From that thrilling sense of the Fatherhood of God and the Motherhood of Earth—and only from that—can come the Brotherhood of Man.

Earth seen at a glance, moonlit on one side, sunlit on the other; trees and oceans, mountains, animals and men, all breathed upon by the great refining spirit of God; at a glance the perception that the difference between the saint and the saurian is just in receptivity to spiritual vibration; the instant knowledge that earth is a fair, sweet garden of God, eternity its season, its fruits the spiritual sons of God—this is the illumination of the world-men.

After this first deep breath of the soul comes the gloom and the storm, for the awakened spiritual consciousness perceives that his brother sleeps. . . . The world-man goes forth to tell his story, to be crucified for his story, to die every day if need be. For the death of the body is as nothing, if, through martyrdom, others may be brought to see. . . . The greater the service, the greater the replenishment; the greater the replenishment, the greater the service again.

In-breathing and outpouring—that is the eternal plan. Everything is for the individual; and yet the law is so glorious, for it reads: You cannot achieve the larger consciousness of the individual, except that you live for others. . . . Just a little while, the peril of the Crossing. Quickly there comes the balance of

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spiritual power, by which the avoidance of evil becomes automatic and instinctive. The sense of well-being comes alone in service for others, the right hand of the soul's life. Through inspiration and service, the rhythm of world-manhood is attained, its vision and accomplishment. Apart from this rhythm, having once touched it, is a sense of moral illness that is insupportable.

Ahead on the road are the world-men. . . . The conscious intensive cultivation of the human spirit is just beginning. Obedience to exterior voices is the way of falseness and disorder. The perfect beginning is the mastery of the self, its most obvious errors and perversions. First the mastery of the body; then to still the voice of the brain, which in the world-man is not his creative centre, but the instrument of his creation—the receptive surface for his inspiration. The brain knows only what it hears, what it reads, sees or is told. You belong to the crowd, following its dictates.

Your brain is a babbling child; your soul is like a prophet walking in the garden. The prophet turns, enters your house with inspired face, bringing a message for you—for you alone. The continued whimpered nothings of the child distract the prophet's intention, and he departs without leaving the revelation.

The lower self and all its deforming emotions are cleared from a man's work, when he realizes that he is an instrument of the universal spiritual energy; that the eminent honor in life is that he has made himself fine enough to be used; that all fine work and high behavior is a spiritual flowering through the physical man. He sees clearly that he contaminates his instrument, and the source of its power, when he seeks to identify himself in a worldly way with his art or behavior.

First the animal man, then the self-man, then the world-man, finally the God-man—the perfect fruit of earth. These beings differ one from another in glory through their instrumentation of the spiritual consciousness—the varying heights of vibration with which they respond to the universal driving energy, which we have the temerity to call God. . . . For years a certain Chinese coolie has been dying of leprosy; an English physician attending him, among many others, discovered one day a prurient

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scurf upon his own finger-joint. Instantly he confronted, in its personal relation, every phase of the ancient curse of Asia. In an hour, before his fear is proven false, the Englishman suffered more than the Chinese coolie in his entire period of dying from the disease itself. The difference lay in the rate of vibration to which the two receiving centres were sensitized.

Bach, Beethoven and Brahms, in their supreme moments of listening, heard a measure or two of the heavenly harmonies. That was their receiving. Most miserable of mortals would they have been, had they not been able to turn their gifts to men. They enfolded the harmonies (and this was their peculiar and inimitable service) in the substance of their technique, and made them permanent through the invention of the scale, and various instrumentations. Thus the harmonies were safely lowered to a vibration, to which the common ear is responsive. By listening again and again, we comprehend their majesty.

All creative thought is spiritually energized. The mind, with its inimitable hosts of experience, momentarily vibrates to such a pitch that it strikes contact with a spiritual revelation. This is the high moment of genius. A single human interpretation of one of these spiritual facts has, for instance, altered and accelerated the traffic of the whole world. The highest moments of human genius in the past, are but suggestions of that which is to be the steady consciousness of the world-men of the future.

That superb Son of Mary emerged from the simplicity of labor to a simplicity that was cosmic—and yet, two millenniums afterward, we are just beginning to realize that he meant what he said. The socialists declare that he talked for them; the mystics are grasping, in the fresh splendor of his simpleness (for long and long they searched the arcana) all the dimensions of life. It's like coming home—like the green hills of home after a stormy passage—this walking forth of Jesus to meet us again—a world-man of surpassing simplicity, our exemplar and delight.

We hear the song-sparrow a thousand times. At last, in some moment of our purer receptivity, we realize that this is one of Nature's angels, saying: "All's right with the world!" . . . The sparrow was singing it all the time.

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PRESIDENT WILSON'S THEORY OF HIS OFFICE

LINDSAY ROGERS

THE vital fact in present American politics is the enormous control, if not ascendency, which President Wilson is exerting over Congress. The passage of the tariff bill, substantially as introduced, was a personal triumph for the President, and a tribute to his power of conciliatory but effective leadership. That its enactment into law could be accomplished with so little friction, and with no important departure from the schedules announced seven months previously, was due, it seems to me, solely to the fact that the bill was introduced as an Administration measure, embodying the identical views of the President and of the leaders in Congress. Furthermore, by a most effective use of the caucus, small differences of opinion were threshed out in party gatherings, and thus a united front could be presented in the Senate and House.

Such legislative efficiency is unique in American politics; but it was not accidental. A similar programme was followed with the currency bill, which also was framed as an Administration measure and introduced with the approval of the President and his Cabinet. The same plan of coöperation between the executive and legislature was followed in the earlier stages of the Mexican imbroglio. Congress was restless, but the President succeeded in quieting most of the hot-heads by confiding in the Senate Committee the extent to which negotiations had gone and asking their support for the course he hoped to pursue. So far did the mutual understanding between the White House and Capitol extend, that when the President read his Mexican message to Congress, although it bore the outward appearance of a Prime Minister reporting to Parliament, the real audience was meant to be the American people and the leaders in the turbulent republic. Even to the former the address contained little that was new.

Seen now in retrospect, the President's attitude is not surprising; but few, if any, I venture, would, in the days between election and inauguration, have volunteered a correct forecast

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of what is now political history in the making. President Wilson's record as head of Princeton University and Governor of New Jersey certainly argued that he did not intend to be a constitutional automaton. In fact, "one of the most noticeable things in modern political life," wrote Professor McLaughlin last year, "was the statement made by Mr. Wilson in 1910 that if chosen governor he intended to consider himself the boss of the Democratic party in New Jersey. Ignoring the old assumption of the isolation of the executive, he proceeded after election, because he was head of his party, to exercise his authority as head and to use his influence, as well as his authority, as governor to shape legislation." * Legislation was "shaped" and passed; an insistent governor practically coerced an unwilling law-making body. The fact is, then, that President Wilson is simply attempting, on a larger scale, to apply his New Jersey theory.

Such a programme is logical, and by no means unattractive; but in the United States it is almost revolutionary, and extremely difficult to achieve successfully. Practically the only legitimate means the executive can bring to bear upon the legislature, when "come-let-us-reason-together" tactics have failed, is an appeal to public opinion. Such a programme, moreover, while perfectly legal (the constitution giving the President the right to "recommend" to Congress "such measures as he may deem expedient"), means a practical, if not theoretical, change in the framework of government, and the typical American separation of powers. But the President has not stopped with recommendations. Senator Cummins, in a speech in the Senate, described the situation as follows:

"The influence which has been exerted by the President upon members of Congress, an influence so persistent and determined that it became coercive, is known to every intelligent citizen of the United States. . . . The President of the United States, assuming to interpret and apply the economic doctrine of his party, has laid the heavy hand of his power upon a branch of the Government that ought to be coördinate, but which, in fact, has become subordinate. It ought to humiliate us all somewhat

* *The Courts, the Constitution, and Parties* (1912), p. 181.

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when we look around and find that the people generally not only understand the surrender of our rights and privileges *but observe it with a certain degree of satisfaction.*" (Italics mine.)

For the first time in many years, the United States has a President who, before election, wrote extensively on politics and government. But this is not nearly so remarkable as the fact that during the campaign, and since, practically no attention has been given to these writings. It is true that political opponents chanced to find in Dr. Wilson's *History of the American People* what they construed as a slurring reference to certain immigrant classes, and there was an attempt to make this effective campaign material, just as, four years previously, an injunction decision by Mr. Taft, while circuit judge, had been used to show his alleged antagonism to labor. But the trouble was not taken to determine from his published volumes what Dr. Wilson's system of political philosophy really was. The voters knew in a vague way that he was a scholar and writer; students who were familiar with his work knew that his *Congressional Government* contained some stringent criticisms of the American system of legislation by committees, but did not seem to appreciate the work's timely political significance. The candidate was a Democrat and stood by the platform. Of course, he was that *rara avis,* a professor in public life, but his record as Governor of New Jersey was excellent. This was sufficient; no one heeded the theoretical significance of Dr. Wilson's control of the legislature.

In the light, then, of President Wilson's present attitude, and in view of its meaning as an actual, if not a titular, trend toward a Cabinet system, it may be interesting, I take it, to inquire what views on this important subject the President expressed while still an educator. To attempt to construct, however briefly, the complete system of political philosophy outlined, impliedly at least, in his *Congressional Government, The State, Constitutional Government in the United States,* and various essays, would take us too far afield. What the Professor wrote concerning municipal administration, for instance, is of purely academic interest. What is pertinent, however, is an inquiry into what Professor Wilson believed to be the true function of the

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Chief Executive, what course one holding the office should follow, and what should be his relations to Congress and his party. This done, we can conclude whether the educator by his writings forecasted his attitude as statesman,—in short, whether the President's attitude is dictated by what he believes to be sound theory.

Whatever difference of opinion there may be as to the logic with which the framers of the constitution did their work, few in this day, I suspect, will deny that the theory of separated powers, the characteristic feature of the American system, was carried to extremes. The men who figured in the Philadelphia convention were afraid of a strong executive, and this fear led them to separate his powers from those of the legislature and to deny him any connection with the purse. But these men did not foresee the most interesting, and, with the exception of the slavery conflict, the most important development in American political history,—the extra-constitutional growth of parties. Before the enormous rise of these, evils were not so marked, but when the office of President became strictly a party one, it was evident that a mistake had been made. Between the legislature and the executive, there is no community of interest, no joint responsibility. The latter is accountable to the nation; a senator to his State; a representative to the people of a Congressional district. Put into power because it promises definite measures, a party has no leader to direct in carrying out its programme. The President may "recommend" measures, but many different committees of Congress take the initiative in legislation. Financial power is jealously divided, and real control in recent years has been exerted by a coterie of Congressional leaders who were not representative of a constituency sufficiently large to justify their power, and who, most often, were certainly not in sympathy with the opinion of the nation. Such a system is haphazard, diffused and irresponsible. An executive eager to carry out what he believes to be the country's wishes may conceivably find himself checked by one House of different views, or absolutely impotent by reason of an unsympathetic two-thirds majority in both Houses, sufficient to make his veto absolutely nugatory.

No one appreciated this more than did Dr. Wilson. As far

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back as 1885, when he published a stimulating essay on *Congressional Government* as his dissertation for the degree of doctor of philosophy at the Johns Hopkins University, the future President made the following strictures:

"It is, therefore, manifestly a radical defect in our federal system that it parcels out power and confuses responsibility as it does. The main purpose of the Convention of 1787 seems to have been to accomplish this mistake. The 'literary theory' of checks and balances is simply a consistent account of what our constitution makers tried to do. . . . It is quite safe to say that were it possible to call together again the members of that wonderful Convention to view the work of their hands in the light of the century that has tested it, they would be the first to admit that the only fruit of dividing power had been to make it irresponsible." (P. 284.)

"Nobody stands sponsor for the policy of the Government. A dozen men originate it; a dozen compromises twist and alter it; a dozen officers whose names are scarcely known outside of Washington put it into execution." (P. 318.)

A year later, in an article on *Responsible Government and the Constitution,* published in *The Atlantic Monthly* (April, 1886), Dr. Wilson frankly expressed his admiration of the English system.

"If we borrowed Ministerial responsibility from England," he said, "we should, too, unquestionably enjoy an infinite advantage over the English in the use of it. We should sacrifice by its adoption none of the great benefit and security which our federal system derives from a clear enumeration of powers and an inflexible difficulty of amendment. . . .

"But we cannot have Ministerial responsibility in its fulness under the constitution as it stands. The most that we can have is distinct legislative responsibility, with or without any connection of coöperation or of mutual confidence between the executive and Congress. To have so much would be an immense gain."

In this essay, also, Dr. Wilson recurred to the thesis of his book, saying that:

"The measures born in Congress have no common lineage. They have not even a traceable kinship. They are fathered by a

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score or two of unrelated standing committees: and Congress stands godfather to them all, without discrimination."

Strong criticisms were these, the Professor openly admitting his preference for the English system and his belief that American legislative efficiency would be enhanced were it possible to have Ministerial responsibility, or at least some one politically responsive to be the voice of the nation's opinions, and "to serve as its eyes in superintending all matters of government."

In these earlier writings of President Wilson there are few intimations of his views as to the Chief Executive and his office. But in the course of lectures on *Constitutional Government in the United States,* delivered at Columbia University in 1907, Dr. Wilson supplies this deficiency. These lectures, while perhaps not erudite, form, in respect to felicitous phraseology and sustained freshness, one of the very best works upon American government, and in reading the following passages it may be interesting to remember that, a year previous to their delivery, Dr. Wilson had been seriously urged as a candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination.

"Leadership and control," he said, "must be lodged somewhere; the whole art of statesmanship is the art of bringing the several parts of government into effective coöperation for the accomplishment of particular common objects,—and party objects at that." (P. 54.)

The President "is also the political leader of the nation, or *has it in his choice to be.* The nation as a whole has chosen him, and is conscious that it has no other political spokesman. His is the only voice in national affairs. Let him once win the admiration and confidence of the country, and no other single force can withstand him, no combination of forces will easily overpower him. . . . If he rightly interpret the national thought *and boldly insist upon it,* he is irresistible; and the country never feels the zest of action so much as when its President is of such insight and calibre. Its instinct is for unified action, and it craves a single leader. . . . The President may also, if he will, stand within the party counsels and use the advantage of his power and personal force to control its actual programmes. He may be both the leader of his party and the leader of the nation, or he

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may be one or the other. If he lead the nation, his party can hardly resist him. *His office is anything he has the sagacity and force to make it.*" (P. 68.)

"The President is at liberty, both in law and conscience, *to be as big a man as he can.* His capacity will set the limit; and if Congress be overborne by him, it will be no fault of the makers of the constitution,—it will be from no lack of constitutional powers on its part, but only because the President has the nation behind him, and Congress has not. He has no means of compelling Congress except through public opinion." (P. 70.)

The significance of these passages is easily discernible. Dr. Wilson believed implicitly in the necessity for legislative leadership and that the lack of it was the cardinal defect in our governmental system. A strong President, with the whole people behind him, would be able in some measure to supply the needed leadership, and "is at liberty, both in law and conscience, to be as big a man as he can."

Such was President Wilson's attitude on the tariff bill. This was the issue upon which, twenty years before, his party had come into power and had gone out, the country disgusted with the unsatisfactory solution. With no direct influence exerted by the President last summer, a bill would probably have been introduced in Congress, and it is conceivable that, by now, extended hearings might have been completed and "you-scratch-my-back-and-I'll-scratch-yours" tactics ready to be begun. Such a bill would in all probability have been unsatisfactory, and the President with decided views would feel compelled to exercise his veto. The executive and the legislature would fight and the party's following would be fatally split.

But how different was the procedure with the Underwood Bill! Its schedules had the approval of the President, Congressional leaders and Cabinet members; public attention was focussed on its low rates, and President Wilson served notice that no material changes would be tolerated. When it seemed that the bill had struck a snag, the President issued his lobby manifesto, and the legislative wheels ran more smoothly. The analogy with a British Cabinet's method of taking a bill through the House of Commons is more striking than at any previous

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time in our political history. President Wilson was practically a Prime Minister.

Of great importance, also, was the caucus used with such efficiency by the Democrats. Professor Wilson thoroughly approved of this, for in his *Congressional Government* he had said:

"The legislative caucus has almost as important a part in our system as have the Standing Committees. . . . The caucus is meant as an antidote to the Committees. It is designed to supply the cohesive principle which the multiplicity and mutual independence of the Committees so powerfully tend to destroy. Having no Prime Minister to confer with about the policy of the Government, as they see members of Parliament doing, our Congressmen confer with each other in caucus. . . . It is easy to see how difficult it would be for the party to keep its head amidst the confused cross-movements of the Committees without thus now and again pulling itself together in caucus, where it can ask itself its own mind and pledge itself anew to eternal agreement." (P. 326.)

To the caucus the President added personal conferences with leaders at the Capitol, a custom which had long been in disrepute. He served practically as a Prime Minister with whom the Congressmen and Senators could confer "about the policy of the Government." These conferences and the party caucus were largely responsible for the resultant legislative efficiency.

When President Wilson announced his Cabinet, there was much speculation as to just why the various secretaries were chosen, who had recommended them, and which selections could be deemed personal ones. Cabinets in the United States have been formed on several theories. Washington started out by putting members of both parties in his official family, and, until the time of Grant, the Cabinet was strictly a political body. Later Presidents, however, have looked upon it as composed of their personal advisers, and it has thus become executive rather than political.

In his lectures at Columbia University, Dr. Wilson, discussing the Cabinet, made this comment:

"Self-reliant men will regard their Cabinets as executive councils; men less self-reliant or more prudent will regard them

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also as political councils, and will wish to call into them men who have earned the confidence of their party. The character of the Cabinet may be made a nice index of the theory of the presidential office, as well as of the President's theory of party government; but the one view is, so far as I can see, as constitutional as the other." (P. 77.)

What in the present case does the "nice index" show?

President Wilson's selection of Mr. Bryan to be Secretary of State is variously ascribed to the President's desire to show his appreciation of the Nebraskan's assistance at the Baltimore convention; to a desire to show his belief that Mr. Bryan's services will be of worth to the country, and to a conviction, which if it exists is astute, that by tying Mr. Bryan to the Administration, his moral and actual support will be assured. At all events, the President gave the so-called premiership to the most powerful man in the Democratic ranks.

From the House of Representatives, President Wilson took Mr. Burleson to be Postmaster-General and Mr. William B. Wilson for the new Labor portfolio. Mr. Redfield, Secretary of Commerce, had been in Congress the previous session. All three were men who could work for desired legislation on the basis of old friendships and alliances.

No Cabinet officer was chosen from the Senate, since there the Democrats had but a bare majority. Mr. McAdoo, who heads the Treasury, was very prominent in President Wilson's campaign; Mr. Daniels, Secretary of the Navy, was also a party leader. Two members of the Cabinet, Mr. Garrison, Secretary of War, and Mr. Houston, Secretary of Agriculture, were largely personal appointments. The remaining two, Attorney-General McReynolds and Secretary of the Interior Lane, were men experienced in the problems they were to confront and held views similar to those of the President. Mr. McReynolds had had charge of trust prosecutions under Mr. Taft's Administration and Mr. Lane was favorably known for his work on the Interstate Commerce Commission.

President Wilson's theory in constructing his Cabinet, according to his own test, is not clear cut. It seems to me, moreover, that his "nice index" is not logical, for Professor Wilson cer-

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tainly believed in responsible party government, and parliamentary Cabinets are nothing if not political. In the United States, with the President the leader of his party as well as of his country, a dual position which Dr. Wilson thinks proper, it would necessarily follow that the Cabinet should be formed of those prominent in the dominant party. A self-reliant man, who believes in party government, would therefore make his Cabinet political, his prudence being secondary to his theory of efficient government.

The self-reliance of President Wilson, then, may have had little to do with the formation of his Cabinet; yet here at hand is a solution of the appointment of Mr. Bryan. Possibly in this instance the dictates of prudence and theories of party government combined in pointing to the selection as leader of the Cabinet of the most prominent man in the Democratic party. But, taking President Wilson's Cabinet as a whole, the political element dominates. Especially significant is the fact that the secretaries of those departments which would be concerned with the most important legislation during the next four years are all prominent and influential party men: currency, Mr. McAdoo; labor, Mr. Wilson; commerce, Mr. Redfield; extension of the parcel post and possible control of the telephone and telegraph lines, Mr. Burleson.

President Wilson's inaugural address contained no declaration that he intended to be a real leader. Yet the very fact that it was in general terms and announced no specific programme made it all the more surprising that such decided views as to particular schedules of the tariff bill were held in the White House. But there was an intimation of the President's future leadership when he said:

"Men's hearts wait upon us; men's lives hang in the balance; men's hopes call upon us to say what we will do. Who shall dare live up to the great trust? . . . I summon all honest men, all patriotic men, all forward looking men to my side. God helping me, I will not fail them, if they will but counsel and sustain me."

Slight exaggeration it was, but the significant thing to our

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present discussion is the intendment of the last sentence: "I will not fail them."

For the first time since the opening of the previous century, the President addressed Congress in joint session instead of sending a perfunctory message. But President Wilson certainly accomplished his purpose: that the legislature and people should know his views and know them well. Considered naïve rather than significant was the President's remark, before beginning his address, that it is a pleasure to:

"Verify for myself the impression that the President of the United States is a person, and not a mere department of the Government, hailing Congress from some isolated island of jealous authority, sending messages, not speaking naturally and with his own voice—that he is a human being trying to coöperate with other human beings in a common service. After this pleasant experience, I shall feel quite normal in our dealings with each other."

There have been other American Presidents who tried to be real executives. In arrogating to himself new powers, Jackson set a mark which none of his successors has attempted to reach. Cleveland managed in 1893 to get free silver senators to vote for the repeal of the Silver Purchase Act, but taking his Administrations all in all, the relations between the White House and Capitol were not pleasant. He fought with Congress over appointments and his Administration was a woeful failure on the tariff question. Roosevelt exercised a great influence over Congress, but with him, it was "the big stick" rather than persuasion; bullying rather than leadership. He recommended many measures, and suffered many set-backs. Every proposal he called "the most important" and sent to Congress interminable messages on almost every conceivable subject.

Mr. Taft's influence with Congress was almost negligible and his attempted denial of patronage in order to coerce recalcitrant insurgent senators is too recent to be forgotten. Perhaps it is because Senator Cummins was one of these senators that he is so alarmed now. He said in the Senate the other day:

"I would just as soon have my will as a member of Congress overcome by a soldier as by any other influence from the execu-

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tive department. There is no difference between the two things in moral effect."

Yet he hesitates to charge the President with using patronage to control members of Congress. The driving force of public opinion which President Wilson correctly feels is behind him, and his desire to coöperate and lead, rather than coerce, are his sole weapons.

What will be his success at the regular session in getting legislation according to his views, no one can foresee, yet his enormous power seems certain to remain an accomplished fact. He may suffer defeat, but he will never yield; any different course would be contrary to his nature and his theory of the office which he holds. And, with an un-coördinated system such as the American, it is no mean achievement even partially to influence legislation upon which there are such diverse opinions as are held in Congress. This partial influence, at least, President Wilson will continue to exert; it may not be completely effective, but to paraphrase an illustration which he used while Professor, the White House will not be one of the side-shows, it will be a main tent. Every indication points to his being a real leader in the nation's destinies.

But this is no more than simply putting into practice the doctrines which he preached when lecturing to students at Princeton and Columbia: he considers himself responsible for the pledges of his party, and has fulfilled those pledges in reference to the tariff and the currency. The trust problem is to be taken up immediately, and that there is to be a strictly Administration programme was plainly indicated by the President in his address to Congress and was foreshadowed weeks ago by the determination of Congressman Clayton to remain in the House instead of trying for the Alabama senatorship. His views are those of the President, and just as in the case of the tariff and the currency, the President will insist that there be no material deviations from the ideas of the Administration. If he is defeated, then, as was threatened with the currency and tariff, the President will appeal to the people and seek to have the legislators given as strong a mandate as public opinion can furnish, just as when a British Ministry suffers a set back, an election follows.

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It is President Wilson's conception of his office that his is the guiding hand which must coördinate the committees, achieve legislative efficiency, and insure that, one by one, party pledges are kept, not in a haphazard manner, but according to the wishes of the head of the nation's destinies, for he alone is representative of the whole people. Considered thus, the last paragraph of the President's address has a new significance. It reads:

" May I not express the very real pleasure I have experienced in coöperating with this Congress and . . . my admiration for the diligence, the good temper, and the full comprehension of public duty which have already been manifested by both the Houses; and I hope that it may not be deemed an impertinent intrusion of myself into the picture if I say with how much and how constant satisfaction I have availed myself of the privilege of putting my time and energy at their disposal alike in counsel and in action."

As we have seen, this conception of responsibility, of the necessity for coöperation, is simply that which, as Professor, President Wilson outlined in his works on government. In the United States, it is unusual, but who will say that it is not logical and attractive?

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THE PHILIPPINE QUESTION

WILLIAM A. REED

CONGRESSMAN CLARENCE B. MILLER of Minnesota, in a speech at a banquet tendered him by the Nacionalista Club at Manila recently, declared that he knew only five or six Congressmen who could be described as taking an interest in the Philippines, that is, who kept themselves informed of developments in the problem which the Islands present. Yet the Philippine question, with the tariff and currency bills out of the way, may be one of the most important matters to come before Congress during the next session.

The Filipinos have been led to believe that a Democratic Moses is going to lead them to the Promised Land of Independence. The tone of the Filipino press of Manila has been one of impatience at the slowness with which the President has taken up the Philippine situation. Finally the appointment of a new Governor-General and the announcement that a few American Commissioners would be replaced by Filipinos, giving the latter a majority on that body, was hailed as a sign that the dawn of a new era was at hand. It was suggested by these editorial patriots that the American bureau chiefs should next get the official axe, and the appointment of an American newspaper-man, Stephen Bonsal, to a position on the Municipal Board of Manila was not pleasing.* The question of experience or fitness for positions does not enter into the calculations of these agitators. They want the jobs. That is all there is to it. And they are likely to cause trouble if things do not move rapidly enough in this direction.

After a residence of more than eight years in the Islands and an intimate study of the question for a longer period, I am firmly convinced that it would be a serious and lamentable mistake for us to withdraw from the Philippines at this time. Furthermore, I have yet to hear an American who has lived any

* Since this was written Mr. Bonsal has been appointed Assistant Executive Secretary, his position on the Municipal Board being filled by the appointment of a Filipino. A half dozen American bureau chiefs have also been replaced by Filipinos.

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time in the Islands express a conscientious belief that the Filipinos should be granted independence for at least a generation. Laying aside all question of personal interests and considering only the welfare of the country and the natives themselves, this is the earnest conviction of the entire American press of the Islands and of practically all intelligent men of long experience there.

A number of distinguished persons from this country have made short visits to the Philippines, where they have come in contact with a few Filipinos of superior education and ability. And these visitors have generally come away with entirely wrong impressions. They did not learn that between the few affable gentlemen whom they met, and there are comparatively few of this class in the Islands, and the ordinary tao of the fields there is a gulf so wide that only several generations of education of the common people can bridge it. They did not learn that the middle class which is the balance wheel of our American civilization is so small as to be a negligible quantity, nor that the laboring class is held in almost as great subjection by the land owners as the peons of Mexico, that actual slavery is practised openly. Or if they heard these things they did not believe them. But are the opinions of mere visitors, however intelligent, to be set against beliefs which are the result of long experience with actual conditions? Before taking any action on this question Congress should get all the facts. The fact that the political agitators want independence is not enough. There are substantial Filipino citizens who view with some apprehension the aspirations of their brethren in this direction, though few of them are bold enough to voice their opinions except privately. But even if public opinion as to independence were unanimous, which is by no means the case, are we justified in granting it unless convinced that the move will better the condition of the people as a whole?

Filipinos may be divided roughly into two classes, those who wear shoes and those who do not. This may appear a peculiar way of determining the status of a people, but, in a tropical country where shoes are not a necessity, the possession and use of them denote a superior station in life. It is needless to say

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that the vast majority of the population is shoeless. Outside of the large centres the land owners and the few professional men scattered through the country towns are the only ones who can boast of such pedal adornment. The larger part of the people work in the fields. They are not bothered about clothes. A cotton shirt and a pair of trousers with a change for Sunday adequately meet their needs. They are a simple, kindly people, uneducated, appallingly ignorant and superstitious, and easily influenced. They know little about government and care less so long as they are let alone.

Among a people like this it is easy to see how caciquism got such a strong hold. Caciquism is the rule of the headman. If there has been one thing more than any other in the past that has fomented strife, and been prolific of discontent, disorder and oppression of the masses, it has been the rule of the cacique. Certain individuals by reason of superior ability or wealth succeed in establishing themselves as the leading power in their respective communities. The people look up to them, do their bidding. At the present time the cacique is generally the presidente of the pueblo, or else he controls the presidente in much the same way that our political bosses control the persons whom they elect. The justice of the peace in the town wields the power of the cacique also. Much of the discontent of the people against the Government can be laid directly at the doors of these two officials. It is estimated that fully ninety per cent. of the complaints of the people are determined in the tribunals of these municipal officers. The Filipinos are poor and unacquainted with the machinery of the law. It is undoubtedly true that a large part of these officials are hopelessly corrupt, and that they use their offices to plunder and oppress the people, meanwhile laying the blame on the government of the Americans. The ignorant tao stands little chance of obtaining justice in their courts unless he pays for it. Only occasionally does one have spirit enough to complain to the higher authorities, and then an amazing scene of incompetence and corruption is exposed.

There is only one answer to this condition of affairs: education of the masses. It is impossible for the higher officials to

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supervise minutely all local municipal affairs, and where the people are too ignorant or too timid to make complaint abuses will continue to exist. The power of the cacique and the subjection of the masses to his misrule are responsible for another institution that has grown up in Philippine life and still continues practically unchecked, and that is slavery, especially for debt. They have a name—aparacero—for one who becomes indebted to another and agrees to work it out by personal service. The creditor sees that the debt grows more rapidly than the debtor is able to pay it. And thus the unfortunate continues working for his master, practically a slave. There are few Filipinos of a higher station who do not have one or more of these aparaceros in their households. I have seen scores of them. Ostensibly they are servants, but they never receive wages. They are drudges who spend their lives at hard work and receive only the left-overs of clothing and food. It seems impossible that such a condition should continue indefinitely. But one has only to appreciate the appalling ignorance of these stupid creatures to understand it. If they complained they would probably be coerced by threats of prosecution into accepting the inevitable. It is simply "costumbre." The people recognize the institution and very naturally those who benefit by it are not disposed to countenance any change. It is significant that the Philippine Assembly has refused to pass a law putting a stop to the practice, thus giving it the sanction of the supposedly leading thought and influence in the Islands.*

The sale of children, especially girls, is quite common among the lower class. The Chinese are quite active as purchasers of girls whom they keep as mistresses, but whom they own as absolutely as any other chattels they might acquire. There are instances also where children, both boys and girls, have been sold to pay debts and become slaves in the households of their purchasers. Only occasionally do we hear of these cases unless we are looking for them, for seldom is any complaint made.

The natural result of independence would be to strengthen such institutions as caciquism and slavery, to put the few leaders who are clamoring most loudly for it into positions of power,

* Recent cable advices state that the Philippine Assembly now in session has passed a bill against slavery.

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and to increase the subjection of the masses. Then shortly some disappointed patriot or other would take advantage of the popular discontent to foment an uprising and the fun would begin. We have seen so much of that sort of thing on our own continent that it takes no wide range of imagination or great gift of prophecy to foretell what will occur in the Philippines as soon as the American influence is removed from the Islands. Owing to the very nature of the country, widely separated islands with comparatively little intercourse between the distant parts, there is a wide divergence of customs, difference in dialects, and the lack of any common bond of sympathy such as should unite into one homogeneous body any group of people that aspires to self-government.

The comparison of the aspirations of the Filipinos for independence with our own struggle in '76 made by some sentimentalists is ridiculous in the extreme. In the one case the colonies were being exploited for what could be made out of them; in the other everything possible is being done by a benevolent nation for the social, industrial and economic progress of a weaker people. We have been and are entirely unselfish. No single act has been undertaken in the Philippines with any other object in view than to benefit the Philippine people as a whole. Some mistakes have been made. Everything was more or less experimental. There was no precedent in our experience to go by, nor, in fact, in that of any other colonizing nation. Other countries laughed at our altruistic efforts at colonial government, but we let them laugh and went ahead. If it does not now, the time will come when the Filipino people will appreciate these efforts. But to tell the truth they do not like us very well. Some high officials personally distasteful to the Filipinos have been kept in the Islands too long, thus increasing the restraint between the governing power and the governed. A few other lesser officials have betrayed the trust imposed in them. It is inevitable that a large body of Americans put at a new work of this nature should not all prove entirely honest and capable. But in general the work that has been accomplished during the twelve years of civil government in the Islands forms one of the brightest spots in the history of American achievement.

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The unselfish devotion of a large number of high-minded men and women, especially along the lines of education and scientific investigation, is making itself felt not only in the Islands but over the civilized world. The reports of our scientists in the Philippines are eagerly received throughout the Orient and in Europe. One after another tropical diseases have been overcome and the Islands made a comparatively healthy place in which to live. Even that dread scourge leprosy is now being cured. Animal pests, continually wreaking havoc among the herds and work animals, have been successfully combatted. New methods of agriculture have been introduced, large irrigation projects and other necessary and important public works have been undertaken, all with the one definite aim, the amelioration of the condition of the Filipino people. But best of all there is being carried out a comprehensive system of education, academic and industrial, whereby the ignorance of the masses may be reached and dispelled and the people may be taught useful arts and industries.

It is entirely too soon to talk of independence. Shall the great work so auspiciously begun and not half finished be entirely undone? It is not too harsh to say that the man who thoroughly knows conditions in the Philippines and is sincerely concerned for the welfare of the Filipinos, and who advocates independence and the immediate withdrawal of the Americans, is either a knave or a fool. By the time the children now receiving instruction in the schools have passed away, it will be soon enough to give the Filipinos their independence if they want it.

No one knew the shortcomings of the Filipinos better than their greatest patriot, José Rizal. He said to them: "My countrymen, I have given proofs that I am one most anxious for liberties for our country, and I am still desirous of them. But I place as a prior condition the education of the people, that by means of instruction and industry our country may have an individuality of its own and make itself worthy of these liberties. I have recommended in my writings the study of the civic virtues, without which there is no redemption."

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THE WHITE SLAVE

BRAND WHITLOCK

IT is the peculiar and distinguishing feature of the reforming mind that life is presented to it in stark and rigid outline. Your true reformer is blandly unconscious of distinctions; he has no perception of proportions, no knowledge of values, in a word, no sense of humor. His world is made up of wholly unrelated antitheses. There are no shades or shadows, no gradations, no delicate and subtle relativities. A thing is either white or black, sweet or sour, good or bad. A deed is either moral or immoral, a virtue or a crime. It is all very simple. All acts of which he does not himself approve are evil; a stop must be put to them at once, and the way to do this is to have a law. Statutes are thus enacted, as the saying is, *against* all evils, large and small, and the greater the evil of course the greater the moral triumph expressed by the mere enactment. But because of certain contrarieties in nature and a certain obstreperous quality in human nature and a general complexity in life as a whole, these legal fulminations are frequently triumphs only in theory, and in practice often intensify the very ills they seek to cure. It is just as the witty Remy de Gourmont once wrote: *Quand le morale triomphe il se passe des choses très vilaines.*

Speaking of this passion for laws and regulations and how some of the zealous would order even the most private and personal details of life in these States, Mr. Havelock Ellis, in a brilliant chapter of his work *The Task of Social Hygiene,* takes occasion to observe that "nowhere in the world is there so great an anxiety to place the moral regulation of social affairs in the hands of the police," and that "nowhere are the police more incapable of carrying out such regulation." The difficulty is due of course to the fact that the old mediæval confusion of crime and vice persists in a community where the Puritan tradition still strongly survives. The incapability, as the author quite justly points out, is not so much in the policemen as in that *bêtise humaine* which expects such superhuman work of them.

This insistent confusion of vice with crime has not only had

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the effect of fostering both, but is the cause of the corruption of the police. Their proper function is to protect life and property and maintain the public peace, and this the police of American cities perform as well as policemen anywhere. But when to this there is added the duty of enforcing statutes against a multitude of acts, some of which only puritanical severity classes as crimes, others of which are regarded by the human beings in the community with indifference, tolerance or sympathy, while still others are inherent in mysterious and imperative instincts that balk all efforts at general control, the task becomes wholly impossible and insuperable. The statutes prohibiting the merely venial of these acts oftentimes run counter to the urban custom and the community regards it as of no great consequence if they are not enforced. Thus a wide discretion is permitted the police by the public conscience in the discharge of their duties, and this discretion is one which quite humanly they proceed to abuse. If they choose, they may enforce the sumptuary laws against certain persons, or refrain from doing so and the opportunity for corruption is presented. The opportunity widens, opens into a larger field, and not only does the corruption spread, but it is not long before the police are employing extra-legal methods in other directions, and at last in many instances establish an actual tyranny that would not be tolerated in a monarchy. The result is that we read every day of arbitrary interferences by policemen with most of the constitutional rights, such as free speech, the right of assembly and petition, etc. They even set up a censorship and condemn paintings, or prohibit the performance of plays, or assume to banish women from the streets because they are dressed in a style which the police do not consider *comme il faut*. And while the corruption is deplored and everywhere causes indignation and despair, this tyranny does not seem to excite resistance or even remark; the press, the palladium of our liberties, does not often protest against it, and no one except the late Mayor Gaynor seems to have had sufficient grasp of the principle to care anything about it.

In no respect has the utter impotence of mediæval machinery in suppressing vice been more definitely proved than in the great failure of society in dealing with what is called the social evil.

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Whenever my mind runs on this subject, as anyone's mind must in the present recrudescence of that puritanism which never had its mind on anything else, I invariably think of Golden Rule Jones and the incidents in that impossible warfare which worried him into a premature grave. He was an odd man, born so far out of his time that the sins of others never troubled his conscience. He was so great, and knew so much of life, more perhaps than he did of history, on every page of which he would have found the confirmations of the opinions life had taught him, that he divined all lewdness, all obscenity to be subjective and not objective, so that he found less to abhor in the sins of the vicious than in the state of mind of their indefatigable accusers and pursuers. And he had his own way of meeting their complaints. Once a committee of ladies and gentlemen called upon him with the demand that he obliterate the social evil, off-hand and instantly. They were simple, brief and to the point. They informed him that the laws providing for chastity were being broken, that there were prostitutes in the city, and, in short, urged him to put a stop to it.

"But what am I to do?" he inquired. "These women are here."

"Have the police," they said, a new, simple and happy device suddenly occurring to them, "drive them out of town and close up their houses!" They sat and looked at him, triumphantly.

"But where shall I have the police drive them? Over to Detroit, or to Cleveland, or merely out into the country? They have to go *somewhere,* you know."

It was a detail that had escaped them, and presently, with his great patience, and his great sincerity, he said to them:

"I'll make you a proposition. You go and select two of the worst of these women you can find, and I'll agree to take them into my home and provide for them until they can find some other home and some other way of making a living. And then you, each of you, take one girl into your home, under the same conditions, and together we'll try to find homes for the rest."

They looked at him, then looked at each other, and seeing how utterly hopeless this strange man was, they went away.

To be sure, that was in another day. Prostitution had not become a subject for polite conversation at the dinner table;

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pornographic vice commissions had not been organized and provided with appropriations so that their hearings might be stenographically reported and published along with the filthy details gathered in the stews and slums of cities by trained smut hunters; it had not yet been discovered that the marriage ceremony required a new introduction, based upon the scientific investigations of the clinical laboratory, and on the same brilliant thought that centuries ago struck the wise men of Bohemia, who, when the population increased too rapidly, prohibited marriages for a number of years that proved of course to be the most prolific the land had ever known.

The new conception was created in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, by the necromancy of a striking phrase. I do not know who it is that had the felicity to employ it first in its present relation. I remember that long years ago, when as a boy I used to frequent the gallery of the theatre, I sat rapt afar in the mystery and old romance of life on the Mississippi when gazing on the scenes of Bartley Campbell's melodrama *The White Slave*. I can call back now, with only a little effort of the imagination and the will, that wonderful pageant—the Natchez, the Robert E. Lee, the great steamboats I knew so well from Mark Twain's book, the plantation hands, the darkies singing on the levee, the moonlight and the jasmine flower—and there was no David Belasco in those days to set the scene either, nor, for the imagination of youth, any need of one! And then the beautiful octoroon, so lily white and fragile that it should have been patent to all, save perhaps an immoral slave-holder, from the very first scene, that she had no drop of negro blood! And the handsome and cruel owner and master, with his slouch hat and top boots, and fierce moustache and imperial, taking her to her awful fate down the river! It was an old story Bartley Campbell used for his plot, a story which had for me an added interest, because my grandfather had told it to me out of his own southern experiences, in those far-off days when he had business that took him down the river to New Orleans. And it was a story which in many variants of its original form was told all over the land to illustrate the immorality of slavery. I suspect that it was not altogether true in its dramatic details; surely

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no such number of lovely and innocent creatures were permitted to fling themselves into the Mississippi from the hurricane decks of steamboats as the repetitions and variations of that tale would indicate; it would have been altogether too harrowing to the voyagers, some few of whom at least must have been virtuous, and journeyed up and down on peaceful moral missions of one sort and another. No doubt it was symbolical of a very wrong condition, and I suppose that is what justified it in the minds of those who told it over and over without the trouble of verifying its essential details. It was a good story, and in the hands of Mr. Howells it made a good poem, and it made surely a pretty good play, which, could it enthral me now as once it did by its enchantments, I should like to see again to-night.

But I doubt if I could sit through any one of the plays that have been written or assuredly are being written about the "white slaves" of to-day. Already the basis is here, the plot is right at hand in the tale that has gone the rounds of two continents, and resembles that elder story so closely in its incidents of abduction that I presume the adapter of its striking title to the exigencies of current reform must have been old enough to recognize its essential similarity to the parent tradition. It has been told in books, it has served to ornament sermons and addresses on sociological subjects, and it has, I believe, already been done in novels that are among the best sellers. The newspapers have printed it with all its horrific details; it is so precisely the sort of pornography to satisfy the American sense of news—a tale of salacity for the prurient, palliated and rendered aseptic by efforts of officials, heated to the due degree of moral indignation, to bring the concupiscent to justice. I had been in England, too, when the subject was under discussion there, and this same story was told to such effect that Parliament, as hysterical as one of our own State legislatures, was induced to restore the brutality of flogging. It was always the same; some poor girl had been abducted, borne off to a brothel, ruined by men employed for that purpose, turned over to aged satyrs, and never heard of more. Of course there were variations; sometimes the girl was lured away in a motor car, sometimes by a request for assistance to some lady who had fainted, sometimes by other ruses. The

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story was always told vehemently, but on the authority of some inaccessible third person, to doubt or question whom was to be suspected of sympathy with the outrage. But however high the station, or unimpeachable the character of the informants, anyone who had the slightest knowledge of the rules of evidence, unless he were especially credulous, would have reasons to doubt them. In Toledo it had for a while, and for aught I know still has, its vogue. It went the rounds of gentlemen's clubs and the tea tables of the town, and in the curious way stories have, it went on and on with new embellishments at each repetition. I had a curiosity about it, not because I cared for the realistic details that might, as Pooh Bah used to say, "lend an air of artistic verisimilitude to an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative," but because here was a chance to test it at first hand, and so I asked the person most heroically concerned to come and tell me of an experience that had earned for him the plaudits of many of his fellow citizens and citizenesses. And so he came. He was a social worker, as they are called, and had had the training in settlement work which is said to qualify young persons to deal professionally with the poor and the wicked. He was a rather good-looking young chap, with a smile about his full red lips, who lifted his mild eyes to yours with perhaps an effort at frankness too pronounced. He spoke well and fluently.

One night (he said) at the close of a hard day's work in his mission, a man came to him in evident distress. The man was a business man, in comfortable though modest circumstances, with a family of which perhaps the most interesting member was a beautiful girl of seventeen. The girl was attending a High School, where she was in one of the advanced classes, and the evening before had gone from school to spend the night at the home of a friend, a girl of her own age. The next evening, on her failure to return home, the parents became alarmed, and after unavailing inquiry at her school-mate's house, and in other quarters, the distraught father had appealed to the social worker. The social worker at once caused an investigation to be made, and by a process of elimination (as he said, though, unlike Sherlock Holmes, he did not detail the successive steps of his logic), he concluded that the girl was in a certain quarter of the city,

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in fact in a certain street. He then sent for the father, told him to supply himself with sufficient money, instructed him in the part he was to play, and was careful to stipulate that if he, the social worker, were to feign drunkenness or to indulge in conduct out of keeping with his character, the father was patiently and trustingly to await results. Thereupon they set forth, and before midnight visited some thirty houses of ill fame. In the thirty-first house the suspicions of the social worker were confirmed, and pretending to be intoxicated, he invited an inmate to accompany him, and ascended to the upper floor. He tried the doors along the hall, and finding them all open but one, and that locked, he lurched against it, broke it open, and on entering the room surprised a young woman, entirely nude, who screamed—until he muttered some word of understanding and encouragement. Meanwhile the inmate had summoned madame the proprietress, who flew up the stairs, burst into the room and discharged her revolver at the social worker.

The social worker, at this supreme moment in his recital, paused, and with a weary but reassuring smile, as who should say such adventures were diurnal monotonies in his life, remarked: "with no damage, however, to anything but the furniture and the woodwork."

But he had the girl in his arms and, thrusting aside foiled madame and the inmate, bore his charge downstairs, snatched a raincoat from the hall rack, wrapped it about her, called to the father to come, and escaped into the street.

After the rescued girl had been restored to her home, and sufficiently recovered from her terrible experience to give a connected account of herself, she related the following incidents: Leaving school on that night she had started for the home of the girl whom she was to visit—the girl not having attended school that day—and while passing a house in a respectable residential district, about five o'clock of the winter evening, darkness already having fallen, a woman came to the door and in great distress told the girl that a baby was sick, that she was alone, and implored the girl to come in and care for the baby while she ran for a doctor. The girl complied, and on reaching the door, was immediately seized, drawn into the hallway, her cries smoth-

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ered by a hand in which there was a handkerchief saturated with chloroform, and she knew no more until she regained consciousness in the place where the social worker had rescued her.

Here his direct recital ended. I put to him two or three questions:—Who is the girl? Where is she now? Where is the house into which she was beguiled? Where is the brothel in which she was imprisoned? He had answers for all these. The girl's name could not be divulged, even in official confidence, for the family could not risk publicity; the house where she had been summoned to care for the ailing baby was the home of wealthy and respectable people, who had been out of town at the time, and their residence had been broken into and used temporarily by the white slavers. As for the brothel, the social worker, by methods he did not disclose, had compelled the proprietress to leave the city, and the place was closed.

Such was the amazing adventure of the social worker. It was easy to imagine the effect of it when related to neuropathic women, to prurient and sentimental men, and in country churches to gaping yokels curious about "life" in the city. It was easy to understand the effect it would have on minds starved and warped by puritanism, ready for any sensation, especially one that might stimulate their moral emotions, and give them one more excuse for condemning the police. No wonder certain of the elect brethren in gratitude for having been told just what they wished to hear had contributed hundreds of dollars, that the "work" might go on!

I determined, therefore, that in one instance, at least, the truth as to this stock story should be discovered, and I instructed Mr. Mooney, the Director of Public Safety, to make a complete investigation. He detailed to the task the best of his detectives; the inspectors of the federal Government under the white slave laws were called in, and I asked two clergymen of my acquaintance who knew the social worker and said they believed him, to give what aid they could. Together they worked for weeks. They made an exhaustive investigation, and their conclusion, in which the clergymen joined, was that there was not the slightest ground for the silly tale.

It was, of course, simply another variant of the story that

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had gone the rounds of two continents, a story which had been somehow psychologically timed to meet the hysteria which the pulpit, the press, and the legislatures had displayed, as had the people, in one of those strange moral movements which now and then seize upon the public mind, and, in effect, make the whole population into a mob, which is, of course, the most moral thing in the world. The subject is considered in a very able article in *The English Review* for June of last year, written by Mrs. Teresa Billington-Greig, and there it is shown that not one of the stories told in this cause in England had any foundation in fact. So far as I know, no authentic verification of the story in any of its forms has ever been made. And yet it is the stock in trade of the professional moralists and has been employed by them to generate that hysteria without which they cannot carry on their reforms. It has been repeated and accepted, that is all, and to doubt it has been to make oneself *particeps criminis,* a sort of accessory after the fact.

It is a subject which only the student of morbid psychology, I suppose, can illuminate properly, but I fancy that he would find somewhere a significance in the phrase "white slave," when acted upon by minds that have never been refined enough to imagine any but the grossest of objective crimes, and out of all this there has arisen a new conception of the prostitute quite as grotesque as that which it replaces. She is no longer the ruined and abandoned thing she once was, too vile for any contact with the virtuous and respectable; she no longer occupies even the sacrificial pose in which Cato centuries ago and Lecky in our own time figured her; she is not even that daughter of joy whose dalliance is the secret despair of moralists too prudent to imitate her abandon; she has become the white slave, a shanghaied innocent kept under lock and key. And thousands and thousands of her sisters are annually trapped in precisely the same way by the minions of a huge system, organized like any modern combination of rapacity and evil, with luxurious headquarters, presumably in some skyscraper in New York, and its own attorneys, agents, kidnappers, crimpers, seducers, panderers and procuresses all over the land, a vast and complicated organization, with baffling ramifications in all the high and low places of the

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earth. It is even said, I believe, that somewhere in New York the trust conducts a daily auction. The sensational newspapers refer to it as "the white slave syndicate," as though it were as authentic as the steel trust or Standard Oil. With such a bizarre notion, the victims of their own psychic lasciviousness are now obsessed. Raids and "revivals" must be inaugurated, a body of new laws enacted, and a horde of official inspectors, agents and detectives turned loose on the land, empowered to arrest any man and woman travelling together, and hold them guilty until they are proved innocent.

To be sure, it is something to have the conception change. It is something that the prostitute should at last be regarded with some touch of human pity. And it is something, it is a great deal, indeed, that there is, with all this fanatical and zealous law-making, some quiet study of the problem. The word "economic," so long scorned by the proponents of an absolute morality, has somehow penetrated the public consciousness, and it has at last dawned on the human mind that prostitution is related to economic pressure. But, unfortunately, by the familiar human process, the mind leaps to extremes; it is assumed that all prostitutes are girls who did not receive sufficient wages, and the simple and all-sufficient cure is the minimum wage; instead of receiving eight dollars a week and going to the bad, all working girls are now, under the law, to be paid nine dollars a week and remain virtuous. And of course new work for the constable is cut out; if their employers do not pay them that much, they are to go to jail, and if the girls do not remain chaste after they have been assured of that splendid income, they must go to the pillory for the godly to spit at. This, with the laws against white slavery, is to be the panacea; and prostitution, a problem which has perplexed the thoughtful for thirty centuries, is to be solved before the next primaries, so that those who solved it may get their political rewards promptly.

I used to wish, when it was presented to me as Mayor, that some of these cocksure persons who would solve the problem off-hand by issuing a general order to the police, could get themselves elected to the opportunity. Of course I issued no general order on the subject; perhaps I was too sceptical, too much lack-

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ing in faith in the miraculous powers of the constabulary. Our city was like all cities; there were prostitutes in brothels, prostitutes in saloons, prostitutes in flats, prostitutes on the streets at night. There were, for instance, a score or more of disorderly saloons where men and women congregated. But we found that merely by posting a policeman in uniform before such a place, its patronage was discouraged, and in a few days discontinued. Of course it was a dangerous and preposterous power to wield; in the hands of unscrupulous police it might have appalling possibilities of evil. I had the idea of stationing a policeman before a disorderly house from Tom Johnson, who told me he had it from his father—who was once Chief of Police in Louisville. And so we adopted it, and after a while the wine-rooms were no more. And that was something. But the girls in them, of course, had to go somewhere, just as Jones said.

Then we found that the police, if they were brutal enough, could drive the girls off the streets. It seemed to me always a despicable sort of business—the actions of the police I mean; I didn't like to hear the reports of it; I don't like to think of it, or write of it even now. It is not very creditable to make war on women, whatever the puritans may say. But the streets would show an improvement, even they would admit; much as they might linger and loiter and leer, the most seductively pure of them could not get himself "accosted" anywhere down town at night. Of course, after a while, the poor things would come back, or others exactly like them would come. Then the police would have to practise their brutalities all over again. Perhaps they were not brutal enough; I am not sure. To be sure they were not as brutal as Augustus with his sumptuary laws, or as Theodosius, or Valentinian, or Justinian, or Karl the Great, or Peter the Great, or St. Louis, or Frederick Barbarossa, or the Empress Maria Theresa in Vienna, or as John Calvin in Geneva, or Cotton Mather in Massachusetts, or as the English Puritans, with all their tortures and floggings and rackings and brandings and burnings. And even they were not brutal enough, it seems, since prostitution went right on down the centuries to our times. I suppose that we might have learned from their failures that

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prostitution could not be ended by physical force and brutality. However, when the girls were driven from the streets, inasmuch as the police did not despatch them, they still had to go somewhere, and the brothels remained. They had their own quarter, and if it was not a segregated quarter it was something very like it, since the police bent their efforts to rid other portions of the city of such places. It was perhaps a tolerated rather than a segregated district, and after a while the Director of Public Safety wished to try the experiment of making it a regulated district as well. I felt that the world was too old and I found myself too much of its mood to hope that any good could come from any of the efforts of policemen to dispose of such a problem, but I was glad of any experiment conducted in sincerity which might make for the better, and accordingly the Director of Safety put his scheme into operation. It was not *réglementation* in the exact European sense, since the temper of our American people will not acquiesce in that, and, as I discovered by some inquiries of my own in the principal cities of Europe, it is not of very valid effect over there. But the Director adopted most of the familiar requirements of the Parisian *réglement,* except the medical examinations, and the registration of those not *en maison;* he required the proprietress to report at police headquarters the presence of new inmates; he forbade them to have minors or male parasites in the houses, and as far as possible he separated the business from the saloon business. Any house which ignored his orders found a policeman posted before it; then it came to time. The result was, as Mr. Mooney could report in the course of a year, that the number of brothels had been reduced from over two hundred, to less than forty, and the number of prostitutes, of whom the police had any knowledge, in an equal proportion. He was very proud when General Bingham complimented his policemen and their policing, as he was at similar compliments from the Government's white slave agents.

Superficially this was a very gratifying report, but only superficially. Nearly three-fourths of the brothels had been closed, but their inmates had to go somewhere, just as Jones said, and the police found that clandestine prostitution had proportionately increased; the women had gone into flats, or hotels, or residences

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which on occasion could be made to serve as assignation houses. It may perhaps have improved the life of the prostitute, made it freer and more human, and perhaps it indicates that prostitution in America is showing a decadent tendency toward refinement. But while they had reduced the number of houses of prostitution, the police discovered that they had not reduced prostitution in the least, and when, after a trial of four years, I asked the Director and the Chief of Police what the result of the experiment had been, they said that aside from the fact that it seemed to make for order in the city, and simplified the work of policing, it had done no good.

The experience was like that of Chicago, where after a police order prohibiting the sale of liquor in houses of prostitution, it was found to be—according to the report of the Vice Commission—"undoubtedly true that the result of the order has been to scatter the prostitutes over a wide territory and to transfer the sale of liquor carried on heretofore in houses to the nearby saloon keepers, and to flats and residential sections, but it is an open question whether it has resulted in the lessening of either of the two evils of prostitution and drink." And a member of the Vice Commission of Atlanta, where the brothels were all closed, told me the other day that there prostitution has been spread all over the town.

The experience, I think, is probably universal. It is not unusual to hear the systems of regulation used in European cities held up as models by the pessimistic as the only practical method of dealing with the problem. Paris used commonly to be considered as the ideal in this respect; latterly it is apt to be Berlin. The fact is that the *réglementation* which for years and years has been in force in Paris is a failure; the experience there was precisely what it was in our little city. In the *réglement* prescribed by the prefecture of police there are the familiar provisions for enrolment, for the exclusion of minors, even as servants or otherwise, and of students, from the *maisons de tolérance,* for medical examinations, etc. And yet, according to the latest figures I have been able to secure, there has been no appreciable effect in diminishing prostitution. There are in the city only thirty *maisons de tolérance,* with four hundred and

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twenty inmates. There are five thousand six hundred and seventy-six women registered who do not live *en maison*. But there are in Paris, so it is estimated, nearly sixty thousand women who do not reside *en maison,* and are not registered or subject in any way to the regulations, who nevertheless make their living by prostitution. And furthermore there is no evidence of the diminution of disease, except in the *maisons de tolérance,* and there only because the infected are at once sent to hospitals, so that *réglementation* seems to be as great a failure in Paris as any other method that mankind has tried.

In Paris, to be sure, because of the racial temperament, the attitude toward the whole subject is not at all what it is with us. There the prostitute is not condemned to permanent degradation as the puritans insist she be with us. Prostitution, it seems, is at times but a temporary occupation, resorted to for a variety of reasons; sometimes to obtain a professional or artistic education, sometimes because of economic pressure. But in any event society and the law do not prevent a girl from giving it up, as they do with us.

But if regulations would succeed at all, it would seem that they would do so in Berlin, which the well-known German genius for organization has made the most efficiently governed city in the world. The German law does not prohibit prostitution, but the criminal code severely regulates the practice by bringing it under the supervision of the morals police. And on the day I write these lines the newspapers publish an Associated Press Dispatch from Berlin, which bears its testimony to the failure there.

> "Berlin.—The trial of three vice squad policemen this week illuminates the methods of Berlin to regulate the demi-monde, which if it were reported from the United States would immediately be termed 'typical American police corruption.' The men accused were Officers Thiede, Bachmann and Seegebarth. Thiede's wife was accused of permitting her husband and a woman informant to meet at her home. The three policemen are members of a special squad whose sole duty it is to control the demi-monde. They were accused of accepting bribes of money, food and clothing from a

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woman. In September, 1911, a Berlin paper published a letter from one of the accused policemen to a demi-mondaine named Ortmayer. An investigation followed, and as result, twelve policemen were suspended. The trial has shown the ridiculous ineffectiveness of Berlin's system of controlling the demi-monde. It is estimated that there are 40,000 such women in Berlin, and only 4,068 are 'under control' of the small army of plain clothes 'morals' policemen who are detailed to look after them."

In England, on the other hand, there is no regulation; any evening along Piccadilly, and elsewhere in London, one may see street walkers whom the police never dream of molesting. The lack of regulation is in part due to the traditional puritanic attitude of our northern race, and partly to the respect for personal liberty that exists in England. There the principle is much more scrupulously respected than with us, with whom individual liberty indeed is hardly a principle at all. With us the phrase "personal liberty" is regarded merely as a shibboleth of brewers and distillers, an evidence on the part of him who employs it that he is a besotted slave to drink and an unscrupulous minion of the rum power. The interferences practised daily by our policemen are unknown there, and if, for instance, it should even be proposed that an enactment like that in Oklahoma limiting the amount of liquor a man may keep in his own house, and providing that agents of the State may enter his domicile at will and make a search, and especially if in the remotest region of the British Isles there should be an instance of what Walt Whitman calls "the never-ending audacity of elected persons," such as is of daily occurrence in that State where these agents enter railway trains and slit open the valises of travellers in their quest of the stuff, the whole of the question hour the next afternoon in the House of Commons would be occupied with indignant interpellations of the Home Secretary and *The Times* could not contain all the letters that would be written.

Other lands have made other experiments, but everywhere and in all times the same failure has been recorded, from the efforts of Greece to regulate the *hetairæ* and *dicteriades* and the

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severe regulations of ancient Rome, down to the latest reform administration in an American city. Nothing that mankind has ever tried has been of the slightest avail. And now come the vice commissions with their pornographic reports, and no doubt feeling that they have to propose *something* after all the trouble they have gone to, when they have set forth in tabulated statistics what everybody in the world already knows, they repeat the old ineptitudes. That is, more law, more hounding by the police. The Chicago product is the classic and the model for all of these, and as the latest and loftiest triumph of the puritan mind in the realm of morals and of law, a triumph for which three centuries of innocence of nothing save humor alone could have prepared it, its own great masterpiece in morals is at once forbidden circulation in the mails because of its immorality!

The Chicago report makes nearly a hundred specific recommendations, among them "constant and persistent repression," and eventually by way of a happy and original thought "absolute annihilation of prostitution." All unattended boys and girls must be sent home by the police at nine o'clock at night; there must be no seats in the public parks in the shade, searchlights must be installed in the parks to flash their rays here and there in the summer nights. And of course there must be a "special morals police squad." The Commission estimated that in Chicago, exclusive of the women in flats, rooms, hotels and houses of assignation, there are prostitutes in houses of prostitution that receive visits daily from over 15,000 men, so that the task of the special morals police is to be rather difficult, if in their efforts at "constant repression" and "ultimate annihilation" they are expected to apprehend and conduct to police stations that number of men and their companions every day.

These proposals are no doubt the expressions of despair in the face of so formidable a condition, like the *clichés* of all reformers with specific remedies; in their speeches, after an extensive examination of all the grounds of the subject and a perfectly valid indictment of the evils that are apparent to all, they come to the point where it is necessary to suggest remedies, and then fall back upon their familiar and facile generalities.

The problem of course cannot be solved by a phrase any

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more than it can be solved by policemen. It will do no good to call them "morals" police; the word has a reassuring note of course, possibly by some confused with "moral" police, but policemen are policemen still. I have seen the *police des mœurs* in European cities, and they looked quite like other policemen. And all cities in America have had morals police; that is exactly what our policemen have been, and that is exactly what is the matter with them. That is, all cities have had detectives especially detailed to supervise the conduct of the vicious, and they always fail. We had such a squad in Toledo for years, though it was not called morals police. It was composed of men, mere men, because we had nothing else but men to detail to the work. They were honest, decent, self-respecting men for the most part, who on the whole did very well considering the salaries they were paid and the task imposed on them. They regulated vice as well as anybody anywhere could regulate it. But of course they failed to solve the problem, just as the world for thousands of years has failed to solve it, with all the machinery of all the laws of all the lawgivers in history. Solon in Athens tried every known device, including segregation. He established a State monopoly of houses of prostitution, confined the *dicteriades* to a certain quarter of the city, and compelled them to wear a distinctive dress, but all his stringent laws had broken down long before Hyperides dramatically bared the breast of Phryne to the Areopagus. In Rome there was the most severe regulation in the ancient world, and yet—it may be read in Gibbon—the successive experiments of the law under Augustus, Tiberius, Caligula, Valerian, Theodosius and Justinian were all failures, and when the laws were most rigorous and the most rigorously enforced, immorality was at its height. Charlemagne tried and failed, and though the sentiment of the age of chivalry and the rise of Christianity for a while softened the law, under the English Puritans, bawds were whipped, pilloried, branded and imprisoned, and for a second offence put to death. France was not behind; under Louis IX, prostitutes were exiled, and in 1635 an edict in Paris condemned men concerned in the traffic to the galleys for life, while the women and girls were whipped, shaved and banished for life. Charles V in the monastery at Yuste,

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trying to make two clocks tick in unison, found his efforts no more vain than his attempts to regulate human conduct, and Philip II tried again to do what his father had been unable to accomplish. Peter the Great was a grim enforcer of the laws, and in Vienna Maria Theresa was most rigorous with prostitutes, putting them in a certain garb, and then in handcuffs; she was almost as remorseless in her treatment of them as was John Calvin in Geneva, which came to have more prostitutes proportionately than any city in Europe. Several modern attempts have been made at annihilation. Saxony tried to abolish its brothels, but they exist in Dresden and other cities of the kingdom. Hamburg claims to have abolished them, but in that Free and Hanseatic City I was told by an American who was investigating the subject that there were as many there as elsewhere.

It will not do to employ the glib excuse of the off-hand reformer and say that the laws have not been enforced. The rulers I have named, and a long line of others, with wondrous codes and inflexible wills, have tried to enforce them, and their efforts were all without avail. A review of the history of the subject, and indeed of the history of mankind, leads one to agree with Dr. Arthur Shadwell, the learned authority:

> "A general view of the whole subject suggests no pleasant or hopeful conclusions. Prostitution appears to be inseparable from human society in large communities. In different countries and ages it has in turn been patronized and prohibited, ignored and recognized, tolerated and condemned, regulated and let alone, flaunted and concealed. Christianity, the greatest moral force in the history of mankind, has repeatedly and systematically attacked it with a scourge in one hand and balm in the other; but the effect has been trifling or transient. Nor have all the social and administrative resources of modern civilization availed to exercise an effective control. The elementary laws on which prostitution rests are stronger than the artificial codes employed by moral teaching, conventional standards or legislatures; and attempts at repression only lead to a change of form, not of substance."

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It is the testimony of all the students of the question, Dr. Sanger, Dr. Alfred Blaschko, Mr. Havelock Ellis, and all the rest; it is the judgment of history, and after all this the notion that policemen, or morals squads, or the most dehumanized and relentless prosecutor, rampant in a community, can accomplish anything, is sodden stupidity.

And these laws have not only failed, they have not only stimulated and intensified the evil, but they themselves have created a white slavery worse than that of the preposterous tales and sentimental twaddle that circulate among the neurotic, a white slavery worse than any ever imagined by the most romanticistic of the dime novelists or by the most superheated of the professional reformers. Every one of these laws has been devised, written and enacted in the identical spirit with which the Puritans in Massachusetts branded the red letter on the scarlet woman. Every one of them is an element of that brutal and amazing conspiracy by which society makes of the girl who once "goes wrong," to use the lightest of our animadversions, a pariah more abhorred and shunned than if she were a rotting leper on the cliffs of Molokai. She may be human, alive, with the same feelings that all the other girls in the world have; she may have within her the same possibilities, life may mean exactly the same thing to her; she may have youth with all its vague and beautiful longings, but society thunders at her such final and awful words as "lost," "ruined," "abandoned," thrusts her beyond its pale, and causes her to feel that thereafter, forever and forever, there is literally no chance of redemption for her; home, society, companionship, hope itself, all shut their obdurate doors in her face. In all the world there are just two places she may go, the brothel, or the river, and even if she choose the latter, that choice too is a sin. She is "lost," and the awful and appalling lie is thundered in her astonished ears by the united voices of a prurient and hypocritical society with such indomitable force and persistence that she must believe it herself, and acquiesce in its dread finality. And there is no course open to her but to go on in sin to the end of days whose only mercy is that they are apt to be brief. No off-hand moralist, even by exercising his imagination to the last degree of cruelty, has ever been able to

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devise such a prison as that. White slave, indeed, shackled by the heaviest chains the puritan conscience has yet been able to forge for others!

Strange, too, since the attitude is assumed by a civilization which calls itself Christian and preaches that the old law, with its eye for an eye and its tooth for a tooth, was done away and lost in a new and beautiful dispensation. "Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more." If the world is ever to solve this problem, it must first of all apprehend the spirit of this simple and gracious expression, do away with its old laws, its old cruelties, its old brutalities, its old stupidities, and approach the problem in that human spirit which I suspect is so very near the divine. Once in this attitude, in this spirit, society will be in a position to learn something from history and from human experience, something from life itself, and what it will learn first is that puritanical laws, the hounding of the police, and all that sort of thing have never lessened prostitution in the world, but on the contrary have increased it.

"What!" I fancy I hear some one exclaim; "Let them go and not do anything to them!"

Well, yes, if we can't think of anything better to do to them than to hurt them a little more, push them a little farther along the road to that abyss toward which we have been hustling them. Why is it constantly necessary to do something *to* people? If we can't do anything *for* them, when are we going to learn to let them alone? Or must this incessant interference, this meddling, this mauling and manhandling, go on in the world forever and ever?

"But what are we going to do about it?"

Well, since all that ever has been done about it has been so much worse in its effect than if we had never done anything about it, I suppose I need not feel so very much ashamed of confessing my ignorance and saying that I don't know. If it were left to me I think the first thing I should do would be to repeal all the criminal laws on the subject, beginning with that most savage enactment the puritan conscience ever devised, namely, the law declaring certain children "illegitimate," a piece of stupid brutal-

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ity and cruelty that would make a gorilla blush with shame if it were even suggested in the African jungle.

Yes, the first thing to do is to repeal all the criminal laws on the subject. They do no good and, even when it it attempted to enforce them, the result is worse than futile. I myself, with my own eyes, in my own town have seen a magistrate fine a street walker and then suspend the fine so that, as he explained to her in all judicial seriousness, she might go out and " earn " enough money to come back and pay it! And not a person in the court room, so habituated and conventionalized are we all, ever cracked a smile or apparently saw anything out of the way—least of all the street walker!

This is the most trivial of instances. But it would not be enough simply to repeal these laws from the statute books of the State; it will be necessary to accomplish the immensely more difficult task of repealing them from the human heart, where they were written long ago in anger, and hatred, and jealousy and cruelty and fear, that is, in the heat of all the baser passions. What I am trying to say is that the first step in any reasonable and effective reform is an entire change of attitude on the subject, and about the only good to be expected from the agitation about white slavery, with all its preposterous exaggerations and absurd sensationalism, is that it is perhaps making for a changed attitude, a new conception; if it will accomplish nothing more than to get the public mind—if there is a public mind, and not a mere public passion—to view the prostitute as a human being, very much like all the other human beings in the world, it will have been worth all it has cost in energy and emotion and credulity. If this sort of repeal can be made effective, if the prostitute can be assured of some chance in life outside the dead line which society so long ago drew for her, the first step will have been taken.

This of course will mean a much larger task than merely lobbying a bill through the legislature. It will come only by the slowest and most difficult of processes and that hardest of all work in the world, i.e., thinking.

The next step possibly will be the erection of an equal standard of morals. And this cannot be done by passing a law, or by

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turning in an alarm for the police. That means thinking too, and education, and evolution, and all the other slow and toilsome processes of which the off-hand reformers are so impatient. This equal standard will have to be raised first in each individual heart; after that it will become the attitude of the general mind.

And then the commerce in vice will have to be stopped. I do not mean prohibited by penal laws. Policemen cannot stop it, and policemen should have no more to do with it than firemen. In fact much of the commerce has proceeded from the fact that its regulation has been intrusted to the police. It would be a subject for the fiscal laws. It is, I assume, known by most persons that the owners of the dilapidated tenements in which for the most part prostitution is carried on, because of the " risk," extort exorbitant rentals for them, and then, on the ground that they can rent them to no one of respectability, they hold them to be so worthless that they pay little if any taxes on them. Our present tax laws of course have the effect of rewarding the slothful, the lazy and the idle, and of punishing the energetic and the enterprising producer in business, and it would be quite possible to revise the tax laws so that tenderloins would be economically impossible, because they would cease to be profitable.

In the next place, or some place in the programme, there should be some sort of competent and judicious sex education. I do not know just who would impart it, since no one as yet knows very much about it, but with the earnest, sincere and devoted work that is being carried on all over the world by the scientific men and women who are studying eugenics and social hygiene, there is hope in this direction, even if it is probable that the world will not be saved by the new race of athletes that are scientifically to be bred, and may still have some use in its affairs for the minds of its cripples who in all times have contributed so much to its advancement.

The marvellous phenomenon known as the feminist movement which the students and historians of the next two hundred years will be busy elucidating will play its part too, for in its vast impulse toward the equality of the sexes it must not only

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bring the single standard of morals, but it should somehow be the means of achieving for women their economic independence. This perhaps would be the most important of all the steps to be taken in the solution of the problem. The economic environment of course is in the lives of many girls a determining factor and in this connection the minimum wage indeed has its bearing. The old puritanic laws were conceived in minds intensely preoccupied with the duty of punishing people for their sins. Prostitutes were prostitutes because they were "bad," and when people were bad they must be punished. But now we see, or begin to see, if vaguely, that, except in metaphysics, there is no such thing in our complex human life as an absolute good or an absolute bad; we begin to discern dimly the causes of some of the conduct called bad, and to the problem of evil we begin to apply the conceptions of economic influences, social influences, pathological influences, and other influences most of us know little or nothing about.

Thus we begin to see that a girl's wages, for instance, may have something to do with what we call her morals; not everything, but something. The wages of a girl's father have something to do with it too, and the wages of her great-grandfather for the matter of that. So may the dividends on which live the delicate and charming ladies she beholds alighting from their motor cars every morning in the shopping district have something to do with it, though she is as unconscious and as innocent of the relation as they, as ignorant as all of us are. Rents have something to do with it, and so do taxes.

But after the whole economic system has been readjusted and perfected and equalized, after we have the minimum wage, and the single tax, and industrial democracy, and every man gets what he produces, and economic pressure has been as scientifically adjusted as the atmospheres in a submarine torpedo boat, there is always the great law of the contrariety of things to be reckoned with, according to which the more carefully planned the event, the less it resembles the original conception. The human vision is so weak, and the great circle of life so prodigious, that it can behold only the smallest segment of the arc. The solution will come, if it ever comes at all, by slow, patient,

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laborious, drudging study, far from the midnight session of the legislature, far from the ear and the pencil of the eager reporter, far from the platform of the sweating revivalist, far from the head office of the police. Our fondly perused pornography might expose the whole of the underworld to the light of day, the general assembly might enact successive revisions of the revised statutes for a hundred years, we might develop the most superb police organization in all history, achieving the apotheosis of the Puritan ideal with a dictagraph in every bedroom and closet in the town, and it all would be of no avail. The study must survey the whole field of social and domestic relations, until the vast mystery of life is understood, and the relation between its vast antitheses established as Tolstoy adumbrates them in his story of the poor mother who took her daughter to the public house in the village, and the rich mother who, at the same time, took her daughter to the Court at St. Petersburg. It will be found perhaps in the long run, for which so few are ever willing to remain, that the eradicable causes of prostitution are due to involuntary poverty, and the awful task is to get involuntary poverty out of the world. It is a task which has all the tremendous difficulties of constructive social labor and it is as deliberate as evolution itself. And even if it is ever accomplished, there will remain a residuum in the problem inhering in the mysteries of sex, concerning which even the wisest and most devoted of our scientists will confess they know very little as yet and have not much to tell us that will do us any good.

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"THE EUGENIC THEATRE"

VICTOR BRANFORD

AN example of civic arousal through the dramatization of history is afforded by the Edinburgh Masquers—latest progeny of that Outlook Tower which Professor Geddes has devised in Edinburgh, and which has been widely recognized as (in the words of *The American Journal of Sociology*) "The World's First Sociological Laboratory." The occasion of their birth was a simply festal one, that of celebrating the semi-jubilee of the University Halls of Residence, which with their associated educational and civic activities are in a way the parent of the Outlook Tower itself. In the first six months of their doings, the Edinburgh Masquers, with their vivid sensuous appeal, have probably done more than the parent institution during the previous decade, towards arousing both city and university to the historian's outlook, its interest and meaning for life, its significance for social direction and uplift. They produced a Masque of Learning which after its performances to crowded audiences in one of the largest halls in the city was repeated, to their delight, before ten thousand children from the public schools; and further showed its vitality by internal development, growth and scission, the original masque being rapidly replaced by two, a Masque of Ancient Learning and a Masque of Mediæval and Modern Learning. Of these, in turn, several performances were given on an even larger scale, for the participating players who appeared on the stage had grown from five or six hundred to nearly a thousand—a scale comparable to that of professional pageantry.

The distinction of the Edinburgh Masque is to have used all the resources both of historic evocation and of contemporary arousal towards shaping in some measure the opening future, alike in the personal growth of the citizen and in the development of his city. Its distinction is to have done this with no diminution but rather enhancement of recreational quality and spectacular effect.

To grasp its principle of design, one must first realize the

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sort of historian whose outlook is here dramatized. It is not the too simple historian who, for instance, tells you that the notable events in English history in the years 1665-6 were the Plague and the Great Fire of London. These occurrences are doubtless interesting incidents in the domestic chronicles of the English nation; but they do not look beyond it, and are the subject matters of the annalist or chronicler rather than of the historian properly so-called: the student and interpreter of human evolution. For him, the years 1665-6 are not least made memorable by the fact that a young Cambridge collegian then dreamed a wonderful dream, which came true. There is, indeed, a connection with the Plague. In consequence of its outbreak the students of Trinity College were "sent down" for the summer term. In other words, they were given an opportunity to meditate and dream; and the tranquil beauty of a ripening orchard thus became for one at least of the rusticated students a truer cloister than his college shades.

The local piety which preserved through five generations the apple tree that evoked Newton's dream was sound in psychology if not an exhaustive statement. For every youth has his dreams, and their kind and quality are determined by the personalities who have touched his imagination; by the tradition in which he has been nurtured, and by the accident and circumstance of his life. Given the Greek tradition, then in active revivance, of reading the riddle of the heavens by careful observation of the facts; given the succession of impressive personalities recently engaged on the problem from Copernicus to Galileo; given the central mystery of planetary and solar motion, still but partially solved; given, finally, the mind of a young and ardent mathematician steeped in all this varied heritage—and what more passionate quest could there be for him than that of further insight and accuracy of knowledge? There is but wanting, to a youth so preoccupied and so prepared, the one incalculable spark of appropriate circumstance that shall suddenly light up his mind and let him glimpse the culminating generalization. The falling of an apple may well have suggested to an adolescent, fresh from contact with Descartes' new Geometry (the immediate inspiration of Newton's genius, as he himself tells us), the grand gener-

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alization that Galileo's formula of the falling stone was but the special case, the terrestrial manifestation, of all celestial motion. What he saw in his orchard dream was the moon falling to the earth, and the earth to the sun, just as Galileo saw the stone falling to earth from the leaning tower of Pisa. Of the heavenly bodies, Newton's dream was that "they are all falling bodies, but going so far and so fast that they fall quite round to the other side, and so go on for ever." The Law of Gravitation, it would seem, is not so remote and mysterious, either in itself or its origin, as is sometimes thought.

It belongs to the moral discipline of science that what is seen in the ecstasy of vision must be translated into the cold notation of the intellect before the solitary joy of creative imagination can be supplemented by its due social sequels of happiness in communication to others and glory of success in acknowledged achievement. Some twenty-one years of mental labor were required before the *Principia* of the middle-aged professor of mathematics demonstrated to the world the complete Law of Gravitation and realized the dream of the young Newton. The Mission of manhood grew naturally out of the Quest of youth. What is "success in life"? "A dream of youth realized in riper years." Recalling in later life the early stages by which he reached his first clear ideas of gravitation, Newton wrote "all this was in the two plague years, 1665-6, for in these years I was in the prime of my age for invention."

This instance is typical of that abiding human drama which the evolutionary historian sets forth for our delight and edification. The historian alternates between two moods. In one he sees the procession of generations, each fitting uneasily into the mould which its predecessor filled: each a mould strained and cracked by overwear, yet ever being repaired, reshaped, with the material gathered by the passing generation in its own fleeting struggle for life and love. That is the tale of Man, as conditioned by circumstance and determined by tradition; and this the historian tells in his impersonal mood as institutional history. But without forgetting this view and its limitations, the historian has another mood. In this he sees the succession of great men: those towering personalities who create for their time and place

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the conditions of life and progress. The tale of the human race thus told becomes a saga—the tale of giants, with Newton for one. This is the personal, the biographic, the Plutarchian mood of the historian, but it only becomes epic and potentially dramatic as he thinks out around his hero the scheme of parts in the play and tries to decipher the general plot and the hero's place in it. But since the time when the mediæval synthesis of history was dramatized for popular presentation as the miracle play, the dramatic mood of the historian has never again dared to express itself in large and comprehensive sweep. As historians gain in courage and in skill proportionate to their knowledge, they will give us, if not new drama, yet new drama-stuff, from which the theatre will gain immeasurably in power and enrich life anew in literal recreation. Tendencies only latent in the theatre of ancient Greece it may yet express and realize more fully. It is indeed our thesis that these modern masques are expressing the renewal of some vital essentials of Greek drama.

Close to the religious life of the people as in mediæval times, the theatre of the Greeks yet made its appeal in more direct and human way. In its opening ritual of the bull—symbol of strength and creative power—and by dithyrambic song and dance, it started from the organic side of adolescence, frankly expressed, but also idealized. A bull led by young men, guided by the Graces—what combination of symbolism could be at once more subtle and more simple? Acknowledgment of sex as the fundamental force, at once of high personality and of social uplift, was thus its point of origin. To discover its culminating destination, we must do more than observe and estimate the accomplished work of its organizers and dramatists, for the seed they planted never came to full fruition. Its growth was arrested and its culmination frustrated by the social disasters of too imperialistic ambitions. Thus viewing Greek drama as a social process toward a goal foreshadowed but never reached, we may picture something of that goal by selecting certain tendencies of the process and following them to their logical or rather sociological developments.

Greek, like mediæval, drama was played only at periodic religious festivals, but, unlike it, was staged with all the cere-

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monious dignity of a high civic function. Thanks to the pens of scholars and the spades of archæologists, we can now picture with considerable fulness the part played by the Attic Theatre in the life of the people. How deeply it penetrated Hellenic life, individual and social, the modern playgoer must find it hard to realize. Its nearest equivalent to-day is perhaps the Welsh National Eisteddfodd, and to think of that helps us to grasp the central and significant fact that in the case of the Greeks we are dealing with what is at once a folk-drama and a culture-drama. Almost every village had (a fact for our rural revivalists of to-day) its theatre, in which were played not only the pieces of rustic festivity, but also the tragedies of the great dramatists.

But here we are concerned with what took place in the great Dionysiac Theatre at Athens. There was a festival each spring at which were presented by the leading dramatic poets a succession of tragedies and comedies continuously succeeding each other throughout the day from morning to evening for about a week. Each play was performed only once, and in the best days of Greek drama was never afterwards repeated.

The price of a seat for a day was about fourpence, and that sum could be had for the asking from the Public Treasury. But this custom of subsidy did not arise till later, when the city became Imperial and proud, and the people became beggarly and humble. Hollowed out from the southern slope of the Acropolis was the vast auditorium, to hold nearly 30,000 spectators accommodated, irrespective of rank and wealth, upon uniform tiers of stone benches, severe, cushionless, backless. A single row of armchair stalls, interposed between these benches and the orchestra, afforded the only places of distinction. In these sat the representatives, neither of the aristocracy, nor the plutocracy, nor (with insignificant exceptions) the bureaucracy, but the priests of the Olympian Gods, and of their lesser fellowship of divine beings, some, like the Graces and Muses, of yet loftier spirituality than the Olympians themselves. Conspicuous in their centre was enthroned the richly-robed priest of the god in whose honor and worship the plays were performed, Dionysus. For he it was, we must remember, who expressed and idealized the organic and spiritual significance of adolescence. The theatre itself was an

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adjunct of his temple, and the play an extension of his ritual. The dramatic poet was, in effect if not in name, a lay priest of Dionysus. The ordinary word for a play, and more especially for that ordered sequence of plays which Æschylus initiated and his successors feebly abandoned, was a *teaching*. The commentators inform us this usage arose through the dramatic poets teaching chorus and actors how to perform their plays. Without denying that, we may still suppose the Greeks had wit enough to see that a poet may be a teacher in more senses than the duller ones.

Now Æschylus, the real founder of Greek drama, was no mere poet, still less mere playwright. He was a soldier who had fought at Marathon, at Salamis, and at Platæa. He was a citizen who had doubtless served in office and looked to serve again. But there are many ways of serving your city. Æschylus, it is clear, was that kind of poet who is essentially concerned with the making of citizens, and of poetry and plays as a means to that end. His own plays he described in true and vivid metaphor as "scraps from the banquet of Homer." In other words, they were the dramatization of heroic history, such history as was known to the Greeks and rated by them heroic.

Then as now people could be at once pious and stupid; so it is not surprising to learn that not a few orthodox Greeks were wont to complain that the plays had nothing to do with the god Dionysus. They could not see the connection between the presentation of historic heroism and the awakening of the idealism latent in contemporary youth. But the founders and builders of Greek civilization were psychologists enough to know that "who shapes the dream, decides the deed." And if they were ignorant of the doctrine of descent by natural selection, they at least promoted the practice of ascent by epic selection. Lucian, by a happy anachronism, puts into the mouth of Solon expounding the institutions of Athens the saying that young Athenians were educated by being taken to the theatre to learn types of personality to imitate and to avoid.

But what of the other gods of the Olympic Pantheon, who presided vicariously over the Greek theatre in due subordination to its central divinity—Dionysus? May not these too be inter-

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preted as expressions and idealizations of the visions of life that appear in the changing dreams of the human cycle? Though the tide of life and love runs strongest in youth, it is not then only we fashion dreams of perfection out of memory and aspiration. All the other phases of life, from infancy to age, have their visions of an ideal, imagined by self or others. Given the tendency to conceive human life at each of its phases as it might be at its intensest and highest, there emerge as natural sequels the efforts of art and literature to present and symbolize these imaginative creations and the endeavors of religion to realize them. Mr. Edward Carpenter's interpretation of the "Gods as Race Memories" (in his *Art of Creation*) is perhaps the best known of several recent attempts to work out the general formula of the process. From another, constructed in the more monographic way of science, we may select an answer in terms of evolutionary biology and psychology to the question—Who were the Olympians?

In a recent number of *The Sociological Review* Professor Geddes said: "For the Greek there developed what for us is again dawning in our ideals of eugenics and of education; for him vitally expressed in a vision of divinities—beings at once normal and ideal, human, yet superhuman; and far beyond those earlier and simpler idealizations of occupation and place which were foreshadowed in Apollo, the divine shepherd, the musician, the healer; in Athena of the olive and Demeter of the corn. Goddesses and gods thus expressed each the ideal, or supernorm, of a phase of life. This vivid and creative intuition has, since Greek days, too much seemed but a mythological dream, but must none the less reappear in evolutionary thought. Each goddess, each god is the essential and characteristic, the logical and necessary, expression of the corresponding life-phase of woman and man. Man as lover, idealist, poet has ever created the goddesses. He worships each perfection of womanhood; he defers to her bright intuition, bows before her ready spear of woman's wit, and yields his apple to her compelling charms. Each in his turn a Paris has his three-fold vision: Aphrodite, Pallas, Hera are no further to seek than of old. On either side arise other goddesses, of younger and of older phase. There Artemis, the

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maid, still unawakened to sex, running free in nature, and Hebe, the winning and willing child; here again Demeter, aging, saddened and grey, patient, helpful and wise.

"So for her part woman creates her types of the gods: first the father, in patriarchal perfection, stands complete, then Eros, the babe of inmost longing. Between these appears Hermes, the boy-messenger, swift and eager, soon giving place to Dionysus, the youth awaking towards manhood, thrilling to woman, wine and song. After Apollo, master of himself, comes Ares, armed and active in the struggle for existence. Later, Hephestos, with his mastery and skill, yet limited thereby. Seated now in their series, the Olympian circle is complete."

How far may the conception of Olympus above set forth help us to discern the educational process of Greek drama? The answer turns perhaps on the vexed question of how personality, which is unique, is related to type, which is general. Minor critics and playwrights are for ever contesting whether the characters of drama can be both personalities and types. But for the student who is neither critic nor playwright, it may be sufficient to accept what Æschylus practised and Diderot preached.

What was it that Æschylus practised? The gods sat immobile in their stalls in constant danger of petrifying into idols. The imagination of the dramatic poet roused them into life and activity on the stage. Dionysus himself was sent forth in every age, at every periodic performance, to recreate the heroes of the race. These, thrilling again to wine, woman, and song, manifested in the sight and hearing of all, the glories and the perils of ambitious dreams and epic deeds. Thus was Dionysus made to fulfil for ever the purpose of his being, in the awakening of youth, in the consoling of age, and in stirring the hearts of maidens and mothers.

In further illustration of the art of Æschylus, take the part of Athena in *The Eumenides,* the culminating play of his great tetralogy. The goddess is made to show the way out of an apparently hopeless social situation—a tangle of successive crimes, with ever complicating resultant of evil reactions. Now, there have ever been among men, from Rhadamanthus to Romilly and onwards, good jurists to secure justice, but it needs a woman's

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intuition and wit, combined with woman's sympathy, charm, and tact, to secure justice and also accomplish the higher social task of reconciling the disputants. That is what Athena does in *The Eumenides*. And she does it by saying and doing just those things which a woman can say and do when she is neither Artemis nor Aphrodite, neither Hera nor Demeter, but Athena herself. The part is strangely like and yet unlike that of Portia in *The Merchant of Venice*. Shakespeare, being neither aided nor limited by a goddess in the stalls, has created a personality which perhaps for most of us is more interesting during the fleeting moments while the play runs. But the impression fades sooner from the memory because, not manifestly type and symbol also, the personality does not so readily relate and attach itself to the permanent images of the mind, to the deepest feelings of the heart, and to the ultimate issues of life.

It is good to have Portia occasionally rescue the rich and generous young citizen from the moneylender. It is better to have the continuing aid of Athena Polias in the abiding war of the city against our hundred-armed giants and our Gorgon Sisters. Against those giants, the modern city father can no more hope to contend successfully than could Father Zeus, unaided by the spear of Athena (whom, by the way, a not unlikely and profoundly significant tradition declares to have been the daughter of one of the giants themselves!) Against Medusa, the knightly citizen of to-day can no more hope to venture successfully than could young Perseus, unequipped with the mirror of Athena. But the modern city having preferred the cult of Mammon and Moloch, of Silenus and Priapus, to say nothing of other strange unholy deities, has thus driven out Athena Polias. How can her resentment be appeased, her just wrath averted, her immanent presence re-invoked? Happily her memory has been kept green by the poets. Her image was vividly present to at least one modern poet:

> **A wonder enthroned on the hills and the sea,**
> **A maiden crowned with a fourfold glory,**
> **That none from the pride of her head may rend;**
> **Violet and olive leaf, purple and hoary,**

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Song-wreath and story the fairest of fame,
Flowers that the winter can blast not nor bend,
A light upon earth as the Sun's own flame,
A name as his name,
Athens, a praise without end.

The university, 'tis true, has maintained her worship as Alma Mater, though with the fitfulness and feebleness of an esoteric cult. Poor and intermittent must needs be academic gifts, while the riches of the city pour lavishly into inimical shrines. Let the arts of the university combine in her service with the crafts of the city; then may we gain the aid of Athena in the holy war which each generation of citizens has to wage for its own salvation against the ever-renewing races of Gorgons and of wicked giants. It may be taken as an augury of that approaching alliance of temporal and spiritual powers against the forces of evil, that the goddess recently reappeared in the concluding scenes of these Edinburgh and London Masques, where university and city are brought together into fraternity and partnership anew.

To return to the Attic Theatre, let us consider a concluding illustration of how the Greek dramatist presented images of personality which, being also symbols of divinity, bore with them the irresistible appeal of all effective idealism, itself our deepest sense of reality. Take the character of Hephæstus in the *Prometheus Bound,* and by way of heightening its lights and shades, again contrast it with similar types in Shakespeare. A palpably human craftsman, obedient to Zeus, his master, but of noble independence in thought and tenderness in sympathy, the divine Hephæstus was instinctively felt by every Greek craftsman, were he freeman or slave, to be an elder brother, a leader, a lodestar for the work of life. Against this attractive personality, put those pitilessly realistic representations of *The Midsummer Night's Dream,* or indeed, of almost any other Shakespearean play in which the *voces populi* are allowed to be heard. Bottom, Snout, and Starveling were doubtless types of the derelict craftsmen of Shakespeare's day, but they could not with decency be called personalities. They seem too often an attempt—cynical or accusing, who shall say?—to portray and give characteristic

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utterance to a life in which humanity has fallen in upon itself in a gibbering collapse of its qualities.

In staging his debased craftsmen then, Shakespeare may be justified and commended as playwright and psychologist, but hardly honored as poet. It belongs to the high rôle of the latter to recreate in living activity for each passing generation its gods and goddesses. Of these ideal beings, do not the poetic creations we call myths (than which there is nothing deeper and truer) all tell us of divine cycles, punctuated by struggle and death, resurrection and epiphany which they endured? For the mighty work of apotheosis there is needed the architectonic genius of poet and dramatist to concentrate and vitalize the labors of many artificers —even of the scientist who slays by analysis, of the historian who conserves in fragments, of the priest who enthrones in mausoleums, of the artist who too often remakes into idols which the people ignorantly worship. The continuing co-operation of all these and many others there must be if religion is to be maintained as a working faith and not to decay into lifeless formalism.

Hence our example of Newton as a type and culture-hero of our race, and one of its highest personalities. Nothing surely can be more conspicuously unique than the Law of Gravitation, for, as Lagrange in commenting on the laurels of Newton regretfully remarked, there is but one universe. Unveiled mystery there must needs therefore be in the personality of him who revealed its mode of working. But is not the same true, in degree, of every personality—that it contains an unanalyzable residuum of mystery? Without denying the dramatist's right to stress that aspect of personality and make fullest use of it, one may yet plead with him to accept and use the sociologic conception of Newton as avatar of Dionysus and therefore a recurring type of known formula and widest educational applicability. For among the infinitely varied avatars of Dionysus, there is one in which occurs a miraculous transmutation. The heroic quest is achieved by feats which are apparently intellectual only. But the emotional element is subtly interwoven and wonderfully transformed. In heroism of this type, sex is made (as an illuminating French saying puts it) to pass through the brain. Athena takes over and completes the work of Dionysus. In being shown con-

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formable to that type, Newton is further revealed as an instance of the link that unites saint and hero. Undeniably, his personality is thereby enhanced and consequently raised to still higher dramatic potential.

Now history, modern, recent and even contemporary history no less than ancient, is compact of similar resources awaiting poetic treatment and dramatic presentation. The practical task is to bridge the transition from the cold analyses of psychology and the lifeless re-syntheses of sociology to the warm and palpitating creations of poet and dramatist; with whom come novelist and musician, artist and sculptor—in fact, all who create or evoke visions of life. There is, however, a preparatory work to be done in forming a human medium and educating an audience. With that intermediate aspect of the task who are those chiefly concerned? Is it not the educationist, and even perhaps before him the eugenist?

From its earliest days, there has always been raised against the current exposition of eugenics the pertinent objection that neither the founder himself, nor his continuators, have formulated with sufficient precision the ideal types they desired to realize. To breed perfect citizens presupposes a concurrence as to ideas of perfection, which is not yet in evidence. To this objection Galton himself was wont to submit the commonsense reply that every organized and accredited group of citizens should be left to formulate its own ideal of perfection. The doctors, the lawyers, the merchants, the craftsmen, for example, should each severally ascertain and declare the best conceivable of their order. So far, good. But this again raises a host of prior questions. Take a single one to illustrate the complexity of the task. Given, let us say, to take contemporary instances, Lister and Browning, as each in his own way, and for his guild, a nearly perfect personality: how generalize his well-combined mental, physical and social qualities into type and present the resultant as visual symbol? Further, how present, dignify, and, in antique phrase, sanctify such types and symbols alike for their own groups and for others? Even to state this question is to show that the central problem of eugenics reaches into the deep issues of art, science and religion. How to

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define the ideal types and how to sanctify them afresh in the consciousness of each passing generation—is not that the central problem of eugenics, making it continuous in substance and concerns with morals and religion, whose central problem is perhaps no other? And until they discover some approximate working solution, the eugenists in their doings will too much resemble the wanderings of explorers without map and compass in a trackless desert. They will find nothing and lose themselves.

Let us therefore commend to the eugenist the Olympic Pantheon as a vital and cardinal direction. Let us commend to the educationist the evolutionary conception of the child as heir of all the ages, and that in no vague sense, but in the definite one of a call to succession, probation and achievement in a potential life cycle of determinate human phases. These may ascend as divine avatars, descend as infernal devilries, or oscillate (as for most of us) feebly and indecisively between the base and the noble issues of life. Let us commend to both the eugenist and educationist the path blazed for us by the Greeks in their initiative outset towards a Eugenic Theatre. And since, with them already, it was an educational one also, it should be called a Eupsychic Theatre, if we had that word so much needed as a complement to Eugenic.

> It takes the ideal to blow an inch inside
> The dust of the actual; and your Fouriers failed
> Because not poets enough to understand
> That life develops from within.

Assemble then eugenist, educationist, and evolutionary historian, and concentrate them on the problems of social repertory. May they not prepare a banquet that should tempt even those reluctant guests, the poet and dramatist, to come? Think of the illimitable resources available now for the first time in the long record of art and literature. The nineteenth century was the first age which learned to appreciate and tried sincerely to understand all preceding ages. It did not, like the mediæval age and most others, treat with scoffing contempt its immediate predecessor in the succession of epochs. It did not, like the Renaissance, turn back with fascinated gaze to one past epoch

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singled out for idolatrous imitation. It did not, like the eighteenth century, imagine that the world was now for the first time fully made up—like a diagram arranged or a piece of mechanism finished and working—and as little did it suppose, with the equally confident malcontents of that age, that it could cut itself adrift from the past and rewrite the present as on a cleaned slate for good and all. It did none of these things, but confronted existence with a temper that was daring, generous, hopeful, and inexhaustibly docile to all truth. Wherefore, surely, the sympathetic knowledge of the past which the learning and science of the nineteenth century painfully amassed or heroically won, it behoves the imagination and the art of the twentieth to use joyfully for a deeper understanding of the present and preparation for a nobler future. For that adventure the creative genius of poet and dramatist is manifestly needed, and nothing else will do.

There is a peculiar and definite relation between the dramatic poet and the scientific specialist, rarely though either sees it. Necessarily synthetic because directly mimetic of life, drama must needs assemble all the ingredients and factors of life in order to attain its purpose of recompounding them into new and maybe higher unities. The dramatist is thus the complement, the counterpart, the corrective of the eternally-dividing specialist. The specialist, if he would not lapse into hopeless isolation, must himself cultivate the dramatic mood. Let him begin his own recovery of the full stature of humanity by laboring towards the materials, the documentation of the dramatizer, whose task is to recompense into visible unity, and show forth to all the living whole which they have first mastered by dismembering. May one submit in passing that the masque is a convenient intermediate form, on which the specialist who is conscious of goodwill "unexercised and unbreathed" may try his 'prentice hand? At any rate, we return to the contention with which this article opened: that each and all the main outlooks on Man and his World must be dramatized, and the people thus be incorporated into contemporary culture.

In the present revival of pageantry there is much preparatory stuff of renewing drama, and the elements of this are independently emerging on all sides in the professional theatre itself.

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Amid these manifold initiatives the Masques of Learning are notable because of a more conscious and deliberate reaching out toward a drama of the ascent of man—a drama to be played by the people, but with adequate co-operation and leadership from intellectuals and emotionals, and therefore with full potentiality of finding and making true leaders—and even poets—amongst the people themselves. The age of ascent by epic selection is not finished. It is beginning, and it will advance as we appreciate the social value of the poet as giver of dreams, and thus inspirer of deeds.

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ADVENTURES WHILE PREACHING THE GOSPEL OF BEAUTY

NICHOLAS VACHEL LINDSAY

VI

The End of the Road; Moonshine; and an Epilogue

AUGUST 1, 1912. Standing up at the Post-office desk, Pueblo, Colorado.

Several times since going over the Colorado border I have had such a cordial reception for the Gospel of Beauty that my faith in this method of propaganda is reawakened. I confess to feeling a new zeal. But there are other things I want to tell in this letter.

I have begged my way from Dodge City on, dead broke, and keeping all the rules of the road. I have been asked dozens of times by frantic farmers to help them at various tasks in western Kansas and eastern Colorado. I have regretfully refused all but half-day jobs, having firmly resolved not to harvest again till I have well started upon a certain spiritual enterprise, namely, the writing of certain new poems that have taken possession of me in this high altitude, despite the physical stupidity that comes with strenuous walking. Thereby hangs a tale that I have not room for here.

Resolutely setting aside all recent wonders, I have still a few impressions of the wheatfield to record. Harvesting time in Kansas is such a distinctive institution! Whole villages that are dead any other season blossom with new rooming signs, fifty cents a room, or when two beds are in a room, twenty-five cents a bed. The eating counters are generally separate from these. The meals are almost uniformly twenty-five cents each. The fact that Kansas has no bar-rooms makes these shabby food-sodden places into near-taverns, the main assembly halls for men wanting to be hired, or those spending their coin. Famous villages where an enormous amount of money changes hands in wages and the sale of wheat-crops are thus nothing but mar-

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vellous lines of dirty restaurants. In front of the dingy hotels are endless ancient chairs. Summer after summer fidgety, sun-fevered, sticky harvesters have gossiped from chair to chair or walked toward the dirty band-stand in the public square, sure, as of old, to be encountered by the anxious farmer, making up his crew.

A few harvesters are seen, carrying their own bedding; grasshopper bitten quilts with all their colors flaunting and their cotton gushing out, held together by a shawl-strap or a rope. Almost every harvester has a shabby suit-case of the paste-board variety banging round his ankles. When wages are rising the harvester, as I have said before, holds out for the top price. The poor farmer walks round and round the village half a day before he consents to the three dollars. Stacker's wages may be three to five simoleons and the obdurate farmer may have to consent to the five lest his wheat go to seed on the ground. It is a hard situation for a class that is constitutionally tight-wad, often wisely so.

The roundhouses, water tanks, and all other places where men stealing freight rides are apt to pass, have enticing cards tacked on or near them by the agents of the mayors of the various towns, giving average wages, number of men wanted, and urging all harvesters good and true to come to some particular town between certain set dates. The multitude of these little cards keeps the harvester on the alert, and, as the saying is: "Independent as a hog on ice."

To add to the farmer's distractions, still fresher news comes by word of mouth that three hundred men are wanted in a region two counties to the west, at fifty cents more a day. It sweeps through the harvesters' hotels, and there is a great banging of suit-cases, and the whole town is rushing for the train. Then there is indeed a nabbing of men at the station, and sudden surrender on the part of the farmers, before it is too late.

Harvesting season is inevitably placarded and dated too soon in one part of the State, and not soon enough in another. Kansas weather does not produce its results on schedule. This makes not one, but many hurry-calls. It makes the real epic of the muscle-market.

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Stand with me at the station. Behold the trains rushing by, hour after hour, freight-cars and palace cars of dishevelled men! The more elegant the equipage the more do they put their feet on the seats. Behold a saturnalia of chewing tobacco and sunburn and hairy chests, disturbing the primness and crispness of the Santa Fé, jostling the tourist and his lovely daughter.

They are a happy-go-lucky set. They have the reverse of the tightwad's vices. The harvester, alas, is harvested. Gamblers lie in wait for him. The scarlet woman has her pit digged and ready. It is fun for the police to lock him up and fine him. No doubt he often deserves it. I sat half an afternoon in one of these towns and heard the local undertaker tell horrible stories of friendless field hands with no kinsfolk anywhere discoverable, sunstruck and buried in a day or so by the county. One man's story he told in great detail. The fellow had complained of a headache, and left the field. He fell dead by the roadside on the way to the house. He was face downward in an ant hill. He was eaten into an unrecognizable mass before they found him at sunset. The undertaker expatiated on how hard it was to embalm such folks. It was a discourse marshalled with all the wealth of detail one reads in *The Facts in the Case of M. Valdemar.*

The harvester is indeed harvested. He gambles with sunstroke, disease and damnation. In one way or another the money trickles from his loose fingers, and he drifts from the wheat in Oklahoma north to the wheat in Nebraska. He goes to Canada to shock wheat there as the season recedes, and then, perhaps, turns on his tracks and makes for Duluth, Wisconsin, we will say. He takes up lumbering. Or he may make a circuit of the late fruit crops of Colorado and California. He is, pretty largely, so much crude, loose, ungoverned human strength, more useful than wise. Looked at closely, he may be the boy from the machine-shop, impatient for ready money, the farmer failure turned farm-hand, the bank-clerk or machine-shop mechanic tired of slow pay, or the college student on a lark, in more or less incognito. He may be the intermittent criminal, the gay-cat or the travelling religious crank, or the futile tract-distributer.

And I was three times fraternally accosted by harvesters who

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thought my oil-cloth package of poems was a kit of burglar's tools. It *is* a system of breaking in, I will admit.

Final Word

AND A STORY LEFT OUT OF THE LETTERS

This ends the section of my letters home that in themselves make a consecutive story. But to finish with a bit of a nosegay, and show one of the unexpected rewards of troubadouring, let me tell the tale of the Five Little Children Eating Mush.

One should not be so vain as to recount a personal triumph. Still this is a personal triumph. And I shall tell it with all pride and vanity. Let those who dislike a conceited man drop the magazine right here.

I had walked all day straight west from Rocky Ford. It was pitch dark, threatening rain—the rain that never comes. It was nearly ten o'clock. At six I had entered a village, but had later resolved to press on to visit a man to whom I had a letter of introduction from my loyal friend Dr. Barbour of Rocky Ford.

There had been a wash-out. I had to walk around it, and was misdirected by the good villagers and was walking merrily on toward nowhere. Around nine o'clock I had been refused lodging at three different shanties. But from long experience I knew that something would turn up in a minute. And it did.

I walked right into the fat sides of a big country hotel on that interminable plain. It was not surrounded by a village. It was simply a clean hostelrie for the transient hands who worked at irrigating in that region.

I asked the looming figure I met in the dark: "Where is the boss of this place?"

"I am the boss." He had a Scandinavian twist to his tongue.

"I want a night's lodging. I will give in exchange an entertainment this evening, or half a day's work to-morrow."

"Come in."

I followed him up the outside stairway to the dining-room in the second story. There was his wife, a woman who greeted

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me cheerfully in the Scandinavian accent. She was laughing at her five little children who were laughing at her and eating their mush and milk.

Presumably the boarders had been delayed by their work, and had dined late. The children were at it still later.

They were real Americans, those little birds. And they had memories like parrots, as will appear.

"Wife," said the landlord, "here is a man that will entertain us to-night for his keep, or work for us to-morrow. I think we will take the entertainment to-night. Go ahead, mister. Here are the kids. Now listen, kids."

To come out of the fathomless, friendless dark and, almost in an instant, to look into such expectant fairy faces! They were laughing, laughing, laughing, not in mockery, but companionship. I recited every child-piece I had ever written—(not many).

They kept quite still till the end of each one. Then they pounded the table for more, with their tin spoons and their little red fists.

So, with misgivings, I began to recite some of my fairy-tales for grown-ups. I spoke slowly, to make the externals of each story plain. The audience squealed for more. . . . I decided to recite six jingles about the moon, that I had written long ago: How the Hyæna said the Moon was a Golden Skull and how the Gardener's Daughter contradicted him and said it was a Silver Rose, and how the Shepherd Dog contradicted her and said it was a Candle in the Sky—and all that and all that.

The success of the move was remarkable because I had never pleased either grown folks or children to any extent with those verses. But these children, through the accumulated excitements of a day that I knew nothing about, were in an ecstatic imaginative condition of soul that transmuted everything.

The last of the series recounted what Grandpa Mouse said to the Little Mice on the Moon question. I arranged the ketchup bottle on the edge of the table for Grandpa Mouse. I used the salts and peppers for the little mice in circle round. I used a black hat or so for the swooping, mouse-eating owls that came down from the moon. Having acted out the story first, I recited it, slowly, mind you. Here it is:

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WHAT GRANDPA MOUSE SAID

"The moon's a holy owl-queen:
She keeps them in a jar
Under her arm till evening,
Then sallies forth to war.

She pours the owls upon us:
They hoot with horrid noise
And eat the naughty mousie-girls
And wicked mousie-boys.

So climb the moon-vine every night
And to the owl-queen pray:
Leave good green cheese by moonlit trees
For her to take away.

And never squeak, my children,
Nor gnaw the smoke-house door.
The owl-queen then will then love us
And send her birds no more."

At the end I asked for my room and retired. I slept maybe an hour. I was awakened by those tireless little rascals racing along the dark hall and saying in horrible solemn tones, pretending to scare one another:

"The moon's a holy owl-queen:
She keeps them in a jar
Under her arm till night,
Then 'allies out to war!
She sicks the owls upon us,
They 'OOT with 'orrid noise
And eat . . . the naughty boys,
And the MOON'S A HOLY OWL-QUEEN!
SHE KEEPS THEM IN A JAR!"

And so it went on, over and over.

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Thereupon I made a mighty and a rash resolve. I renewed that same resolve in the morning when I woke. I said within myself *"I shall write one hundred Poems on the Moon!"*

Of course I did not keep my resolve to write one hundred pieces about the moon. But here are a few of those I did write immediately after.

THE FLUTE OF THE LONELY

Faintly the ne'er-do-well
Breathed through his flute:
All the tired neighbor-folk,
Hearing, were mute.
In their neat doorways sat,
Labors all done,
Helpless, relaxed, o'er-wrought,
Evening begun.

None of them there beguiled
Work-thoughts away,
Like to this reckless, wild
Loafer by day.
(Weeds in his flowers upgrown!
Fences awry!
Rubbish and bottles heaped!
Yard like a sty!)

There in his lonely door,
Leering and lean,
Staggering, liquor-stained,
Outlawed, obscene——
Played he his moonlight thought,
Mastered his flute.
All the tired neighbor-folk,
Hearing, were mute.
None but he, in that block,
Knew such a tune.
All loved the strain, and all
Looked at the moon!

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THE SHIELD OF FAITH

The full moon is the Shield of Faith,
And when it hangs on high
Another shield seems on my arm
The hard world to defy.

Yea, when the moon has knighted me,
Then every poisoned dart
Of daytime memory turns away
From my dream-armored heart.

The full moon is the Shield of Faith:
As long as it shall rise,
I know that Mystery comes again,
That Wonder never dies.

I know that Shadow has its place,
That Noon is not out-goal,
That Heaven has non-official hours
To soothe and mend the soul;

That witchcraft can be angel-craft
And wizard deeds sublime;
That utmost darkness bears a flower,
Though long the budding-time.

THE ROSE OF MIDNIGHT

[What the Gardener's Daughter Said]

The moon is now an opening flower,
The sky a cliff of blue.
The moon is now a silver rose;
Her pollen is the dew.

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Her pollen is the mist that swings
Across her face of dreams:
Her pollen is the faint cold light
That through the garden streams.

All earth is but a passion-flower
With blood upon his crown.
And what shall fill his failing veins
And lift his head, bowed down?

This cup of peace, this silver rose
Bending with fairy breath
Shall lift that passion-flower, the earth,
A million times from Death!

THE PATH IN THE SKY

I sailed a little shallop
Upon a pretty sea
In blue and hazy mountains,
Scarce mountains unto me;
Their summits lost in wonder,
They wrapped the lake around,
And when my shallop landed
I trod on a vague ground,
And climbed and climbed toward heaven,
Though scarce before my feet
I found one step unveiled there
The blue-haze vast, complete,
Until I came to Zion
The gravel paths of God:
My endless trail pierced the thick veil
To flaming flowers and sod.
I rested, looked behind me
And saw where I had been.
My little lake. It was the moon.
Sky-mountains closed it in.

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EPILOGUE

[*Written to all young lovers about to set up homes of their own —but especially to those of some far-distant day, and those of my home-village*]

Lovers, O lovers, listen to my call.
Give me kind thoughts. I woo you on my knees.
Lovers, pale lovers, when the wheat grows tall,
When willow trees are Eden's incense trees:—

I would be welcome as the rose in flower
Or busy bird in your most secret fane.
I would be read in your transcendent hour
When book and rhyme seem for the most part vain.

I would be read, the while you kiss and pray.
I would be read, ere the betrothal ring
Circles the slender finger and you say
Words out of Heaven, while your pulses sing.

O lovers, be my partisans and build
Each home with a great fire-place as is meet.
When there you stand, with royal wonder filled,
In bridal peace, and comradeship complete,

While each dear heart beats like a fairy drum—
Then burn a new-ripe wheat-sheaf in my name.
Out of the fire my spirit-bread shall come
And my lost gospel swirl from that red flame.

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ART AND THE MAN

F. M. Reyher

It was after midnight. Through the grey drizzle the poet walked slowly along the empty street. In his brain the inspiration that the keen argument at the house of his friend had aroused was forming itself into a picture of beauty. He recognized it as his masterpiece, and with tremulous eagerness followed his thoughts, memorizing the successive strokes of creation as they surprised him. Gradually he quickened his steps to reach his room and set his stanzas on paper.

For some time he had been vaguely conscious of a staggering limp figure on the pavement in front of him. Once it clutched a small screened tree; then it crashed against a wall and stumbled over steps. But so vivid was the vision within him that he remained only distantly aware of any other presence. He would have passed the reeling object, and a hundred paces further forgotten it entirely.

Suddenly, however, it swung round and slid from one of the slight, screened trees out into the wet street. It slipped in the centre and fell, and remained motionless.

The movements of the object in front had become associated with the night, with the wet, with the trees, with the poet's very thoughts themselves. He had ceased to be even remotely disturbed by them. They exercised some subtle assistance to the creation of the white image within him. The abrupt excursion into the street did not startle his mind from the brilliant picture it was forming in lonely exaltation. But now he became conscious of something lacking in the scene; his senses felt a gap; and where the jerky motions of the other had not disturbed him, their cessation did so. The stillness halted him. He saw the man prone in the centre of the street. He frowned with annoyance. The intrusion of this external thing dimmed the image. He glanced back quickly: far up the street a white blur was diffusing itself upon the mist. He heard the whir of an automobile.

He crossed hastily and dragged the man onto the pave-

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ment, and set him against steps; all the while holding desperately to the picture that was still glowing, though fading, within him. He meant to go on when he saw on the other's temple a deep cut. A word of anger came to his lips, and he looked about again: no one. Not even the sound of a footfall came through the night; the automobile was already past. He looked at the fellow in despair; a workman with undoubtedly a crowd of ugly children and a loud vulgar woman in a squalid house dependent on him. It was Sunday morning, and what the drink had left of the necessary wages was probably in his pocket. It was raining harder; perhaps none would come that way for hours; he could not leave him. He stood and balanced values: the stateliness of the fleeting vision, and this hideous soft creature that the ironical Fates had foisted upon him at this of all times. He cursed the fool; sick with a helplessness to escape from the situation, a blind fury shook him, and he wanted to choke the man.

He searched the drunkard's pockets, and took him to where a single letter was addressed. After long ringing an upper window flashed open, and a thin furious woman lashed at him with her tongue. He stumbled home himself through the grey-black streets; the melting glow of the lamps was a bitterness to him, and the thoughts and images of his masterpiece hung in shreds upon the cornices of the houses, while, from the shadowed corners in which the wet mist lurked, came mocking voices, that cried ceaselessly: "Fool! Fool! Fool!" And "Fool! Fool! Fool!" a voice within him echoed as he plunged on through the drizzle.

"Fool! Fool! Fool!" he cried aloud in his room, as he threw himself from side to side in rage, seeking coolness from the pillow he constantly reversed, and flinging the bedclothes fiercely about.

"Why did you stop? God! Why must we stoop to save that kind? Surely the life of a sot and a swine is not worth the sacrifice of an eternal work of art. Greatness far beyond any you have felt before was intrusted to you this night; a rare something that will never come again; something given you to make fairer, and to return fairer to the world; not yours, but

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the world's. What right had you to spend it for another? You have often said, 'With creation, the artist's right over his own work vanishes; he has not the right to destroy his work.' You should have guarded it with your life; and you shattered it for a swine's. You are unworthy of honor. You have kept from humanity that which belongs to it; and that which humanity has sorest need of—Beauty—you gave to save a swine from the night and his folly; to save a sot that were better out of humanity. Surely a drunkard is not worth an eternal thing of beauty."

One night, a month later, the poet was wandering along the stone walk which bounds the river that divides the city's east from its west. Now too it was far after midnight. So intensely clear was the evening that every star dilated upon the sight. An idea possessed him; a singing picture; a vision of art fairer and stronger than any he had ever beheld before. It was grown to such splendor that he began hurrying home to establish it in permanency, fixing in his memory, as he strode, one central thought after another. So keen had his thinking never been; never had he conceived so clearly.

Suddenly he heard a rattling of chains below and the knocking of wooden edges. One of the river fishermen was putting out. He could smell the man's pipe. As he hastened past there came a splash and a cry. In the starlight he saw the boat glance off and the man in the water clutch at the gunwale, and miss, and sink. Further out he came up again, swung away by the current. The poet stopped irresolute; and remembered the drunkard and that other singing picture. Was he to lose this one as well?

It was too beautiful.

He turned and rushed off, looking down once more on the greenish blackness of the tide. A last time into the starlight rose the upturned face, now like the starlight itself; the mouth was distorted. Silently it melted into the smooth gloom again. The other covered his face as he ran; close to his soul he hugged the immortal fairness of the picture of his fancy.

He reached his room and feverishly seized pencil and paper. As he bent over to write, the forms he held in his thoughts vanished, and his mind was blank. He concentrated desperately

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all his powers to recall them. A something began to form upon the greenish dark background of his mind: forming in the manner of an imperceptible rising. As it grew distinct he saw the upturned starlit face of the drowning man with the distorted mouth.

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THE ANGEL AND THE NIXIE

RALPH GOODALE

MY lady, there was once an angel flying over the earth, who passed over a great swampy forest. Where he was going or what he was seeking I cannot say, for the ways of angels are beyond my understanding. Perhaps the heavenly lights had grown a little tiresome to him, or he was curious to see what was in this bright world. At any rate, it was an angel, with powerful wings and a soul used to the sights and sounds of heaven, and he was looking down into the forest.

Now in that swamp there lived a nixieman, or some such sort of strange water-monster. He was hairless and naked, with a skin like a frog's, and great staring eyes; such an uncouth being as neither you nor I would care to look at nor touch. He lived in the water about the roots of the great trees, where he fed upon the creeping things of the forest, and made a muddy bed among the water-weeds. There are many places to be found where the sun shines down through the trees upon quiet pools, and where the wind cannot come even enough to scatter the smell of the plants. In such places he would lie when he had eaten himself full, and sun himself, while the flying things kept up a drowsy humming and buzzing about him. He was timid, and would leave the forest only on foggy nights. Then he would swim deep down in the water out into a lake, and would rise among the lily-pads, so far from shore that only the weeds and the black water and the mist upon it could be seen. Here he would listen to the frogs all night long, and try to imitate them, until he could see by the brightening of the fog that morning was coming. He may have been too dull to know happiness, but he was at least contented, and he was one of God's creatures.

But now the angel saw the nixieman and pitied him. He came down into the depths of the forest—where his radiance must have lightened the gloom wonderfully—and he picked up the nixie, and carried him above the trees into the free air. He rose higher and left the forest. Then the nixie wondered to see how broad and fair the earth was, much greater and better

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than his home in the morasses. And the two rose more rapidly, until at last the earth was gone, and they were in that silent region where there are only the stars above and below; and the nixie's heart was filled with terror and joy. Finally they left the stars below them, and went even as far as to the gates of Heaven.

But the angel said to himself, "I have done enough for this foul creature. I have shown him the greatness of the earth and the heavens, and I have brought him even as far as to the entrance to Paradise." You must agree, my lady, that the angel spoke rightly, and that he had been very kind to the nixieman. So the angel let go the nixie, and the nixie fell. He fell away from the shining gates of Heaven, down away from the stars, back to his old haunts, where he lay crushed and groaning in the dismal forest.

I have never seen the gates of the heavenly city, and cannot tell of their brightness. But the nixie thought of nothing else. He did not care now to sleep in the sun or to splash through the water. He did not see the birds far above in the branches, nor hear the sounds of the insects and the frogs. The wide swamp, with all its pools and forests and thickets, seemed lonely and forlorn. One would have expected him to wish nothing better. But he dragged his broken body away from the water to the uplands. Here at night he could see the stars shining, though not so brightly as they had for him far above the earth; and he stared at the darkness between them, beyond which, he knew, was the City.

When day came he saw the hills and crawled toward them. But the sun shone hot for a water creature. His body became dry and stiff, as if he had been a frog, and turned black. The sand which stuck to his skin dried fast into it. Great raw sores came upon his knees and arms, where he crawled over the stones. Still he climbed the sides of the hills, and looked for others still higher; for he thought always of the bright City. And as he climbed his way got brighter and harder. His lidless eyes became like coals. Every breath of the dry air was painful, and the blood running through his body was like fire. Yet, no matter how

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weak and blinded he was, he would not sleep, but crept toward heights nearer the sky.

At last he could go no further. He had come a wonderful distance, over desert country, and had climbed into the mountains, where the hollows are full of ice, and the rocks in the sunshine are like heated iron. He had not reached the highest peaks. But his body was so parched that his sinews would scarcely move him, and he knew that he could not climb to the heavenly city.

And the angel flew by and saw him again. "He has seen the gates of Heaven," the angel thought, "and is trying to climb to them." So he flew down and picked up the nixieman, and carried him above the earth till they saw nothing but the shining stars. Then they left the stars below them, and came to the gates of Heaven; and the nixie forgot all the pain he had suffered.

But the angel said to himself, "This time he must be satisfied; for he is a being fit for nothing better than mire and darkness, and yet he has looked upon the splendor of the entrance to Paradise." So he let go the nixie, and entered the City. And the nixie fell away from Heaven and the bright stars. But this time, instead of alighting in the swamp, he fell all the way from Heaven to Hell, where not even the angel could go to him.

Is it not odd, my lady, that such a monster should have such an ambition? Perhaps I have wearied you in telling of it. For with you everything is lovely and pleasant, and you are as far removed from the nixie as the angels are. Yet I have thought that it might be interesting to you to learn how this strange being, with eyes made for darkness and a body for living in filth, was so foolish that he dreamed of entering Heaven.

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HER PEOPLE

RUTH KAUFFMAN

"WELL, that's the end of Jenny Muir," young George Dalsover had exclaimed with an air of proprietary accomplishment once the marriage-service was over. "It's Jenny Dalsover now, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love——"

It had now been Jenny Dalsover for a long time. The space of a generation had passed, and a second Jenny Dalsover had been born, grown and married off. One son had grown up and gone away to seek his fortune, a second son had died, and only the baby, Lucile, a pretty girl of eighteen, still out of the world, was left at home. Yet, through all the years, Jenny Dalsover had not failed in the troth she had pledged to George Dalsover.

She was now a middle-aged woman, but she had retained most of the physical graces that disappear at forty and return, in other forms, at seventy. True, she had no longer the Yorkshire pink and white skin, which she possessed when her parents first brought her from England; her hands were roughened and hardened by the housework that, nevertheless, she preferred to govern; her hair had faded to that nondescript shade which, in some colors of hair, presages grey; and her youthful vivacity had quieted to a certain continuous gentleness and an acceptance of things as they are. The town might buzz in alternating panic and affluence; Lucile might sing and trill, laugh and be merry; George might, as time broadened and fattened him, be boisterous and hearty; but Jenny Dalsover herself almost shrank into her attitude of calmness and her desire to be useful.

Everyone had come to depend on Mrs. Dalsover's usefulness. George Dalsover counted on her co-operation in whatever enterprise he undertook, and she had not failed him as, in the passing of the years, he had gradually moved westward—the dollars drawing him on—until now he had what remained home-abiding of his family installed comfortably in a small

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town of Ohio. In each stopping-place through the westward march, Jenny had made her friends, and, when the family moved farther, given these up with regrets but without rancor.

So far as one ever knew, Jenny never wished for anything. Her husband and her children, especially this youngest who was as yet not started on the road of actual life, were very dear to her. Mrs. Dalsover was an excellent cook, and although the family could have afforded a maid, she had never had one except for the casual work of washing and spring-cleaning. Somehow the wife had always managed very well and with an economy of labor that made the housework a pleasure to her. Certainly no one dreamed of Mrs. Dalsover's being a drudge.

It was not a small house, although unpretentious, and Dalsover liked plenty of entertainment in his spare hours. Good-comradeship ran riot in the Dalsover living-rooms; croquet was warm on the little patch of the Dalsover lawn; and music and singing were gay under Lucile's touch and from Lucile's throat at the Dalsover piano.

But deep in Jenny's heart, where Jenny was often a little ashamed of its persistence, lay a wish that, perhaps through lack of expression, grew and grew in potency. "Cleanse Thou me from my secret faults. Keep Thy servant also from presumptuous sins," Mrs. Dalsover vainly whispered.

Yet was it a fault? was it a sin? She often wondered. All her habits of submission answered "Yes," all her memories and inherited loyalties answered "No." Her people—Who were her people?—— Those dead and gone and the sister still in England, who had practically given her up when they gave her to George years ago, or the husband she had accepted and the children she had borne?

She wanted to go home. She wanted to go back to her people. She wanted to walk in the quiet little churchyard and kneel by the graves that she had never looked upon. She wanted to gather flowers, wild daffodils, or the gorgeous northern roses that grew in their own garden, and mass them with her own hands.—— She wanted—she wanted something that would lift the years' old nostalgia from her heart.

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When Susie, her spinster sister, wrote the monthly four sheets, Jenny, as she handed the letter to her husband, would sometimes comment:

"Sue seems lonely now the old folks aren't there. It's a bit hard for Susie all alone."

"You bet it is," George would readily agree. "I can't see why she stays in such a hole, anyhow. Now, if she gave the place up——"

"But *they* lived there, dear. And all of them lived there for two hundred years back. She couldn't see strangers in the place, George!"

"Nonsense," George would say. "Why doesn't she come over here and visit her sister and us—pay us a short visit? It's her duty, *I* think. Besides, it'd be the making of her."

"Yes," Lucile would chime in, "and just to think: none of us children has ever seen Aunt Sue."

"I might go over there, may be," Mrs. Dalsover would tremulously suggest.

And they would laugh. Timid little mother! How would she dare? All alone? And what would they do without her?

That was it: what would *they* do? George had, years and years ago, in prosperous moments, spoken of taking her "across" himself some time; but that was during the romance and high hopes of young married life: he had forgotten that beyond reminiscence. Moreover, he was not well-to-do; and, besides, he was a patriotic man and believed in "seeing America first." Not that he had ever seen America first or was ever likely to see much of it at all, but that was the way he felt about it. George, too, could never find the time to leave his business without personal supervision; and Lucile had been, until lately, almost too young to leave.

When Lucile was fifteen, however, Jenny took the initial secret step. She saved, quarter by quarter, dollar by dollar, from the things that she was supposed to buy for herself, and the sum was now nearly complete.

Oh, she had admitted no one into her confidence! When all was ready, when she had three hundred dollars, she would spring it upon them. She would then show George her savings.

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She might even buy the steamship-ticket first and show him that. She would assert herself. She would let him and the children understand that she was going back for a while—back to her people. The children would smile sceptically and put up the objection that mother wasn't able to take care of herself; but George—she knew George and relied on him—George would perhaps draw her to his knee, as he used to do so often before he had the rheumatism and somehow got out of the habit; and she thought tears would come into his eyes, and George would feel sorry that he had never really considered such a thing before. George would feel ashamed of his thoughtlessness. She rehearsed the probable scene:

"Why, mother!" he would exclaim. "And you've done all this yourself without letting your old husband on to it all?"

She would nod her assent—somehow her throat would fill, and she wouldn't be able to speak,—and George would chuckle.

"To think of the way she's been fooling us!" he would repeat. "All these years!"

Then, quite seriously, he would ask if she had been grieving secretly, and he would ask her if she were not happy with him, if he didn't treat her right. She would nod vigorously this time, but, gathering together all her courage, she would tell him:

"I want to go—to *my* people— Only a little while. I won't stay long."

Somehow her head would be on his shoulder, and she thought she might cry just a little.

Then he would let her go—and there'd be a big send-off for her. She wouldn't care anything about that. She'd feel sorry when she waved them good-bye—she would hate to wave good-bye to them, even for so short a time. But once all alone, she would be very happy,—going back to her own people.

Meantime, life did not roll itself out at so high a tension as all this. Life had its routine speed and seldom rolled faster. There were the daily tasks with their repetitions and unimportant variations.

Lucile was as yet of little use. But Lucile was busy with her studies for the last year at high school, and Lucile always

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helped on Saturdays by making the cake and pastry for "over Sunday." Lucile nearly always helped her mother to dry the dishes, and, if she did not forget because her voice was occupied by the intricacies of a new song—and Lucile's voice was a joy to hear—she took entire charge of keeping her own room in order. George Dalsover, on his side, had his regular business hours and, at his return in the early evening, his lawn to mow and to "tend."

Mrs. Dalsover was kept busy, and her contented, almost merry little face, with its large blue eyes and its crown of heavy, neatly arranged hair, seldom showed even physical fatigue.

"Here, mother," George Dalsover would say, "you'll get a fresh button on this coat before I get back to-night, please. I don't know how I could have cracked it."

"Oh, mother, dear," would call the clear voice of Lucile from downstairs to her mother, who was overturning mattresses and making beds: "I'm going now; good-bye. I'll be back late because I'm going to study with Ethel Taylor. But you won't forget to sponge my blue skirt, will you? I do so want to wear it to-morrow."

And the voice of her mother, muffled by feather-beds and pillows, would come down the stairs cheerfully: "No, dear, I won't forget."

Or, George Dalsover would return from his work and hasten to his little patch of lawn; then, remembering, would come into the house, kiss his wife, and exclaim triumphantly:

"Well, who do you suppose is coming around to-night?"

"Dear, oh, dear!" his wife would reply. "I must hurry through the dinner work and change my dress. Who is it?"

"Oh, clean up to-morrow: no one will see your kitchen. It's the Bradleys. I said you'd be mighty glad."

"I am, of course. You'll want the cards ready, I guess. What are we going to play?"

"Pinochle, they thought. But those cards ought to be looked to. They're all mixed up."

"All right, dear, I'll do it. You're busy with the lawn."

"Thanks— Yes, I'm pretty busy. Say, Jen, and what'll we

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have for refreshments? We must have something a bit extra, it's so long since Bradley and his wife've been around."

So it went. Yet Mrs. Dalsover was always willing to meet the recurring emergencies. For herself, she may not have kept up with "the top of the fashion," and this may have troubled Lucile; but she never wavered in keeping, unselfishly and gladly, to the letter of the requirements of her immediate family. With the hope of return to her people in Yorkshire, with the hope of discharging a daughter's duty and love if only by a look at her parents' resting-place, Jenny Dalsover watched the months go by with a singing heart. . . .

There was to be a concert given by the high school, and Lucile was enthusiastically aiding. It was to be a big event for the young generation, and, as it approached, Lucile and her comrades could talk of nothing else. Lucile was to sing a solo. Constantly she practised until the walls of the parlor seemed, even in her absence, to echo the melody, to halt and repeat and halt and repeat again. Mrs. Dalsover was making a new white gown for Lucile for the occasion, and Lucile had even induced her to purchase some new accessories for her own adornment. The high school girls and boys having worked themselves up to a high pitch of enterprise, canvassed the entire town, and sold tickets enough to fill two opera-houses instead of the one.

The night arrived. Mr. and Mrs. Dalsover, smiling a little at their daughter's enthusiasm, yet followed her with the eagerness of renewed youth, dressed in their best, and accepted her words of approval or disapproval with childlike simplicity.

"Well," admitted Mr. Dalsover, "she sure is up to the times in style."

Mrs. Dalsover smiled, and asked if the pin at the back of her neck was quite straight.

Lucile, tall and girlishly slim, surveyed them critically. Side by side she had them stand, a rather clumsy pair, with their hands hanging, somewhat red, at their sides. Both parents seemed to lack something, and Lucile could not make out what.

"I *think* your tie isn't tight enough, Papa."

She reached to his neck and pulled the offending necktie.

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"There!" she exclaimed. She gave him a kiss and slipped an arm round her mother's waist. How little her mother seemed! Tenderness overpowered her, and she leaned to kiss her mother's cheek.

"Wish me success, mother dear," she said.

"Aren't you nervous to sing before so many people?" Jenny asked, pressing the girl's hand sympathetically.

"Oh, no!"

"Good for you!" approved the father. "That's what we missed," he added to his wife. "They never taught us self-confidence in our day, did they, mother?"

"I guess not, George," smiled Mrs. Dalsover. Dollar by dollar she had saved until she now had enough—all but three dollars of her sum. She wondered if her self-confidence had been trained enough to goad her to tell them what she meant to do with her savings. Sometimes that confidence was weak.

"A girl can go any distance now," pursued George. He had recently been put on the school-board. "Why, every branch of learning is open to girls nowadays."

To the amazement of her parents, Lucile's singing won the applause of the evening. Mr. and Mrs. Dalsover were congratulated until the mother, at least, began to feel ashamed and wanted to hide. But Lucile was in her glory. Radiant, her cheeks and eyes glowing, she could hardly tear herself away from the auditorium.

There had been a large crowd. It happened that, in the crowd, forced by circumstances of courtesy to his hosts to attend, but bored by most of the proceedings, was the head of a New York conservatory of music. He praised Lucile's voice highly, and pronounced in it latent powers of which no one in the town had dreamed. If the girl could have her voice properly trained in New York, he believed she might realize her great possibilities. So much impressed was he that he even ventured to call at the Dalsover home.

Lucile was frantic with joy. The only thing in life now suddenly appeared to her to be the training of her voice. But her father, summoned to meet the caller, remained sceptical.

"I guess I'm old-fashioned," he said, heavily walking about

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the narrow parlor between the centre-table that bore the family-Bible and the mantelpiece, which was adorned with dried grasses from Mexico. "I don't know that I believe in girls getting on the stage in low cut dresses and showing off——"

Lucile blushed. Jenny twisted her hands. The musician indifferently shrugged his shoulders.

"It's all one to me," he said. "I'm only speaking of it for your daughter's good. If you think more of your conventions than of her——"

There was a storm of protest. Lucile crept to her mother's side.

"Oh, mother," she whispered. "Just to think! I might be a great singer some day, and oh!——"

But George Dalsover, who had temporized a good deal, finally yielded the truth.

"I know you mean well," he said. He struggled for his customary ease. "The fact is," he finally admitted, "I'm pretty much tied up financially for a year anyhow. I couldn't spare much this year."

There was a brief pause. Then Mrs. Dalsover's voice cut the silence with a strange metallic note.

"How much would it cost?" she asked, through dry lips. She hung on the answer.

The musician took out his note-book and figured:

"Board—let's see—we'll say for a year—(He did some adding)—and tuition—and car-fares. Hum." He paused. "I'll tell you what I'll do:—I'm very much interested in this young lady's voice—I'll see that for the year it will not cost you over four hundred dollars, everything included. That's practically nothing for tuition. At the end of a year we'll know for sure how much chance she has: anyhow, she'll have a good one, and it's no use burying her voice here."

George Dalsover reddened. The eyes of his wife and daughter were fixed on him. He hated to refuse. As for himself, he knew little about voices, and if he could have done this thing for his daughter, he would have been glad to do it for sentimental reasons rather than because he believed Lucile would make a great singer. But to see her face pleading, and

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to see the great blue eyes of his wife questioning his resources, was almost more than he could bear.

"I can't," he finally brought out. "I'm awful sorry, but it's no go. I simply can't afford it this year—I can't afford any additional expense this year. There!" He sighed heavily and turned away.

The thin voice of Jenny brought him face forward again. "How much *could* you spare, George, dear?"

Again there was stillness in the room, this time a tense stillness. The musician had done his best: he hoped that best would succeed; Mrs. Dalsover wanted her daughter to have her heart's desire; Lucile choked back a hopeless sob and was seeking her mother's hand in vain.

"I can't spare *anything*," George said, in a downright way that hid his feelings.

"But Lucile would cost something here, dear," put in Jenny.

Dalsover could not make his wife out. Why her persistence? Where was the co-operation he was used to, and always expected? He made a few helpless burring sounds that meant disapproval. Jenny's voice continued. What in the world had come over her, he asked himself.

"I can't spare a cent," he repeated, now loudly and angrily.

The musician rose to go. Lucile hid her face in her handkerchief: she was too young to do anything else. Mrs. Dalsover spoke sharply.

"Wait," she commanded. "George," she said, "you'd sacrifice something for your daughter, wouldn't you?"

"Do you want me to sell my house?" he cried, almost in a frenzy.

"Oh!" expostulated Lucile.

"Hush," said the mother. "Listen, dear." Her eyes were on George. She was forgetting the musician and her daughter, too, and remembering only that, intimately, heart to heart, she talked to her husband. That she should not reveal her secret plan of the last few years, even to him, meant nothing to her now; if she told it, her project would be thwarted. "Listen, dear," she said. "Lucile's our baby, ours, George. The others are all right, but we must do what we can for Lucile. She *has*

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a beautiful voice, dear; you *know* that. I understand: it's the money; but George, you could get together a hundred dollars *somehow;* I know you could."

"*One* hundred? It's *four* hundred!"

From her own reasoning, she was talking logically. She flushed at his lack of understanding. She had no opportunity now. She could explain later.

"But couldn't you get one hundred, George?"

The musician and Lucile were watching Mrs. Dalsover in amazement. They did not know why, but somehow, they were compelled, for the moment, to watch her. If anything would come of it, they had not time to think: chance moved too swiftly. But Jenny Dalsover had asserted herself.

George was considering:

"One hundred? Yes, I guess I could just about spare one hundred. What good'd *that* do?" He looked from face to face, belligerently.

Jenny trembled.

"You promise?" she asked, in anxiety. "You promise?"

"Sure," he said, his face still red; "but what's the good of that?"

"Wait. Don't move," she ordered.

She ran out of the room. There was silence in the room. She ran up the stairs. They heard her feet above them. She ran down the stairs and re-entered the parlor, breathless.

"Look!" she cried. She laid her savings, two hundred and ninety-seven dollars (they would not notice the lacking three, she told herself), on the table, and panted. "Count!" she commanded.

They stood by, dazed.

"Count!" she repeated.

The musician obeyed. In him, at least, presence of mind obtained.

"Don't you see?" she asked, her eyes full on George. "Don't you *see?* It's enough!"

"But how——?" inquired her bewildered husband.

"Oh, mother!" gasped Lucile.

"I've been saving—ever so long." Her eyes lowered. "It

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was for just such an occasion as this—when one of us should need it. She can go. She can be a great singer. George, don't you see?"

From anger at his powerlessness and bewilderment at the abrupt and unforeseen change in the situation, tenderness swept over Dalsover's face and filled his eyes with tears. That his wife Jenny, the timid little woman who never had a secret from him, should have saved all this from household expenses, and that now she should bring it as her offering when it could give their daughter her opportunity in life, overwhelmed him. He felt ashamed of his petty grievances, and rapidly wondered what accumulating sacrifices she must have made to secure the amount.

"Why, mother!" he exclaimed with a choke. "And you've saved all these pennies without letting your old man know a thing about it?"

She nodded. The scene was too much like one she had rehearsed for her to be able to say a word.

George chuckled. He turned to the musician and placed a hand on his daughter's shoulder.

"I guess you've won out," he said to the good genius of the conservatory. "Take care of our little girl: she's our last! And send her home with a fine voice!"

"I'll do my best, Mr. Dalsover."

The musician bowed himself away. Lucile hurried to her room in an excess of happiness. Jenny was left awkwardly facing her husband. Now that the moment was here, she had no explanation ready.

George drew her to him.

"To think of the way my own wife's been fooling me!" he kept repeating. "And she did it all for *me*. *I* know. I don't believe I've half appreciated what a treasure I got."

She summoned her courage. She smiled.

"For *my* people. . . ." she said.

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THE CHAMBERWOMAN

THOMAS MOULT

HOW quickly in the morning comes the chill of weariness that numbs
My body as I dust these rooms: were you not numbed long since, my heart?

Why have I now forgotten quite the feeling of that old delight
In this rich bedroom's gold and white? Do memories make us wince, my heart?

So gladly then my duster sped along the gold frame of the bed,
And flicked these fleecy curtains spread—no lighter than your song, my heart.

But now I dust this shining glass with heavy, heavy hands, alas! . . .
Why have you no song now to pass the lonely hours along, my heart?

O, how I hate this knick-knack shelf, these pictures, and this dainty Delft,
This bed where mistress rests herself: why do I hate her too, my heart?

Dust . . . dust is in my mouth and ears, and dim with dust are all the years,
But my old eyes are dimmed with tears: have tears or dust choked you, my heart?

I never dreamed of life like this: I glimpsed another, mine and his . . .
How could I guess such foolish bliss would end in dust—and must, my heart?

Why since he went have we wished so for all the dust-grey days to go
As swiftly, heart? Did we not know that dead things too are dust, my heart?

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A LONG TIME AGO

A Fantasy

FLOYD DELL

The courtyard of a palace. To the right, broad steps, and a door, leading to the palace. To the left, steps leading downward. At the back a rose arbor: in front of it a wide seat.

On the steps before the door a fool is sitting, plucking at a musical instrument. On the steps to the left stands an old woman, richly dressed.

THE OLD WOMAN. Why do you sit there, fool, and twang at that harp? There's no occasion for making music. Nobody has been winning any battles. How long has it been since a great fight was heard of?

THE FOOL. If there had been a battle, old woman, they would have had to get some one besides myself to celebrate the winning of it. I do not like fighting.

THE OLD WOMAN. What does a scrawny little weakling like you know of fighting, and why should you have an opinion? You should keep still when it comes to things you know nothing about.

THE FOOL. I know that the days of fighting are over, and a good thing it is, too. Four kingdoms we have about us, that in the bloody old days we would be forever marching against and killing, and they marching against us and killing us, and burning houses and destroying the crops till it would make a quiet man sick to think of it. Twenty years have we been at peace with them, and that's ever since the Queen was born, and I hope it may last as long as she lives.

THE OLD WOMAN. There's no stopping a fool when he starts to talk. But it is right you are that the good old days are gone when we fought four kingdoms at once and beat them to their knees. Those were the days of great heroes, like the father of her that is now Queen, when he killed with his own hand twenty men after he was already wounded to death in

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the last great battle of the wars. And they were fine men that stood beside him, and one was my own man. I said to him, 'This is the time when a brave man is sure to get killed. If you come back to me, I'll always think you were a coward.' And sure enough he never came back. He died along with a thousand of the bravest men in the kingdom fighting around the King. That was a great day. Four kingdoms at once we fought, and beat them to their knees. Glad enough they were to come and beg to make peace with the child of that dead King.

THE FOOL. Spare me, woman. I've heard that old story often enough. But what do you suppose all that fighting was for, if it wasn't to put an end to quarrelling for all time? If the old King was alive, do you suppose he'd go about making trouble? No, he'd sit in his palace here and drink his ale and listen to music, and when he saw the young men giving kisses to the young women under the trees, it's glad he'd be that they could stay at home and have their happiness, and not have to go killing and being killed. But now that we've got peace, you still go cawing for blood, like an old crow.

THE OLD WOMAN. I won't talk to such a one. You can see with your own eyes that our enemies are strong and prosperous, for we let them into the kingdom with their silks and their satins and their jewels to sell, and they walk about the city here and laugh to themselves, thinking how they will spoil and destroy everything when they get ready. It may be this year, it may be next year. It's too strong they are getting, I tell you. If the old King were alive he never would have let them get half so strong. He would have kept them in fear of us, and trained up a fine band of heroes, too, by making a raid on them once in a while. There's the city that shoves itself right up against our borders. I can see our men coming home from the spoiling of it, all red with spilt wine and blood . . .

THE FOOL. You're a disgusting old woman. Go away before you make me angry. If I hear any more of that talk, I'm likely to slap the face of you, even if you are the Queen's nurse. Go away before you spoil my afternoon.

THE OLD WOMAN. The Queen—I could speak to the Queen and have you beaten, do you know that?

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THE FOOL. Woman, I tell you to go away. I am composing a love song, and I do not want to be bothered.

THE OLD WOMAN. Has anyone ever loved you, I would like to know, that you should write love songs? Now if it were that young prince who is staying with us, he would have some right to make love songs, if what they say is true, that every woman he meets on his long journey from the east to the west falls in love with him. Even our own Queen, I am thinking, would be glad to have him stay here in this kingdom and rule with her. She is a proud one, but you can tell by her eyes as she looks at him what she is thinking. But only three days does he stay in any place, and then he is up and gone on his long journey that nobody understands the reason or the end of, from the east to the west. He is too wise to be held by a woman's love.

THE FOOL. Then he is more a fool than I.

THE OLD WOMAN. But he knows what love is, and I say that if he were minded to make songs about it he would have the right. Who should know about love if not a man who has been loved by many women and by great queens? But you, what do you know about it?

THE FOOL. The trouble with the old is that they forget so many things. I am sorry for you, woman. You think yourself wise, but the fool that sits at the Queen's doorstep and looks at her as she passes, and she never seeing him at all, is wiser than you.

THE OLD WOMAN. I have wasted enough words with you. I will go away and sit in the sun and think of the days when there were heroes. [*She goes*]

THE FOOL. And I will make a song about love. I will make a song about the love that is too high for pride and too deep for shame. [*The door has opened, and the Queen, a figure of passion and mystery, stands looking down at him*]

THE QUEEN. What is that, fool? What are the words you are saying?

THE FOOL. [*Kneeling*] I was speaking of a love that is too high for pride and too deep for shame.

THE QUEEN. And whose love is that, fool?

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THE FOOL. It is the love of all who really love, and it is the only love worth making a song about.

THE QUEEN. [*Smiling*] And how do you come to be so wise as to know about such things?

THE FOOL. I know because I am a fool.

THE QUEEN. I am well answered. And you are not the only fool in the world, I am thinking. But tell me, fool, have you seen any of the prince's men here?

THE FOOL. No, but I have heard that the ship is being got ready for sailing.

THE QUEEN. [*Rebukingly*] I did not ask you that. [*She goes, but turns, and gives him a piece of money*] This is for you to buy wine with and get drunken. You are not amusing when you are sober. [*She starts to go, but turns again*] Fool, do you believe in magic?

THE FOOL. I have heard that the old wizard who lives in a cave down by the shore is able to rouse storms and keep vessels from sailing.

THE QUEEN. [*Looking at him for a moment fixedly*] I have a great mind to poison you. Here, take this, and remember that I said to be drunken. [*She gives him another piece of money, and goes off by way of the rose arbor*]

[*A sailor enters from the left*]

THE SAILOR. Fool, where is the prince?

THE FOOL. I do not know, sailor, but I will tell you what I think, if you want me to.

THE SAILOR. What difference does it make what you think? I have a message to deliver to him.

THE FOOL. I think that the Queen has sung him to sleep, and that he has not yet awakened.

THE SAILOR. It is likely enough. But I have been sent by his captain, and I must see him.

THE FOOL. You look hot.

THE SAILOR. I am so hot and thirsty that I could drink a barrelful of wine. It is well enough for the prince to lie about and eat and drink and be sung to by pretty women, but we sailors have work to do. This business of staying only three days in each port disgusts me. If we stayed a week or two, we

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might have a little time for some fun on shore. But no sooner do we get in port than we have to get out again. I saw a girl yesterday, a beauty and not afraid of a man. There must be a lot like that here, but an hour or two of them is all we get. I knew I would have to be on the ship all day to-day, so I spent all my money on her, and now I can't even get a drink. It's a shame.

THE FOOL. Would you like a drink?

THE SAILOR. Fool, don't make a mock of my thirst or I'll open a vein in your arm with my sword, and drink from that.

THE FOOL. I can show you where there is something better to drink than that. Look at this! [*Shows him the money*]

THE SAILOR. What a piece of luck! Is it real money? Where did you get it? [*Takes the fool by the arm and pulls him up*]

THE FOOL. Your prince gave it to me, and said I was to treat any of his sailors that I came across.

THE SAILOR. Then it's all right. Come along. Oh, but I am thirsty! [*They go out at the left*]

[*The door opens and the prince comes out. He looks up and down*]

THE PRINCE. And now begins again my long journey from the east to the west.

[*Enter from the left the old woman*]

THE OLD WOMAN. Well, have you waked at last?

THE PRINCE. You are a bitter-tongued old woman. But for all that I think you are my friend. Perhaps you are the only friend I have here.

THE OLD WOMAN. You are right. For all that you sleep, you are a brave man, and I am the only person in this kingdom who thinks well of bravery. The rest want to smother it.

THE PRINCE. I think you understand me. I want to get away from this place, for I feel that I am becoming soft. Never before have I been unwilling to leave a city——

THE OLD WOMAN. Or a woman.

THE PRINCE. I must go on board ship. Is it ready? The captain promised to send word to me by one of the sailors.

THE OLD WOMAN. You are a brave man, but it is time you left this place. They will make a lapdog of you.

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THE PRINCE. You speak very freely. Are you not afraid of the Queen?

THE OLD WOMAN. She does not know what she is doing. She has grown up in a base time of peace, and she does not understand that it is not a man's business to drink wine and exchange kisses. She would turn you from your purpose without realizing the wickedness of it.

THE PRINCE. My purpose? What do you know of my purpose?

THE OLD WOMAN. I have not guessed your secret. But I know that you are not merely taking a pleasure journey. I have seen heroes, and you have the eyes of a hero. The end of all this journeying from the east to the west is something great and terrible, and I will not have you turned aside.

THE PRINCE. Something great and terrible . . .

THE OLD WOMAN. You have the look of a hero about you, and one who does not care for rest or peace or the love of a woman for more than a day. But there is a weakness in you, too. You had better leave this place quickly.

THE PRINCE. You are right, old woman. But I wonder why the sailor does not come. It looks like a storm.

THE OLD WOMAN. Would you stop for a storm?

THE PRINCE. Is that what you think of me, old woman? I am not afraid of storms.

THE OLD WOMAN. No, there is something here more dangerous to you than any storm. I hear it approaching now. Now we shall see what stuff you are made of. [*She goes*]

[*The Queen enters*]

THE QUEEN. [*Coming up to him*] When did you wake? [*Her voice is soft and tender*]

THE PRINCE. What difference does that make? Did you think that your voice had enough magic in it to keep me asleep till you returned? We have just time to say farewell, for the ship must be almost ready.

THE QUEEN. There is a storm coming up. Do you see how black the sky is? [*The sky has become ominously dark*]

THE PRINCE. I am not afraid of storms.

THE QUEEN. Of course you are not afraid of storms. Did

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you think you had to prove your bravery to me by going out in one?

THE PRINCE. I told you that I should stay only three days.

THE QUEEN. Yes.

THE PRINCE. The three days are over.

THE QUEEN. I thought you were a king, and could do whatever you chose?

THE PRINCE. I have chosen to stay only three days.

THE QUEEN. In what way have I offended you?

THE PRINCE. I made my choice long ago.

THE QUEEN. And now you are afraid to change your mind?

THE PRINCE. Do you think a brave man changes his mind?

THE QUEEN. A brave man is surely brave enough to change his mind when he finds that he is wrong.

THE PRINCE. There is no use. I tell you I am going.

THE QUEEN. [*Going up to him*] Forgive me. I shall not try to keep you from going. If it is your happiness to go on, to what end I do not know, I will let you. I love you too much to make you unhappy. But I wish to give you something to take with you, an unfading rose that shall be like a glowing memory of me in your heart always. Will you take it? [*She leads him over to the door, and they enter*]

[*Enter the sailor, who is supported by the fool*]

THE SAILOR. [*Drunken*] Where—where is the prince? I have message for him.

THE FOOL. Come with me. I will take you to him.

THE SAILOR. You are a good fellow. A very good fellow. Sing that little song to me again.

THE FOOL. [*Sets down a flagon of wine he is carrying and chants*]——

In this harsh world and old
Why must we cherish
Fires that grow not cold
In hearts that perish?

With the strong floods of hate
I cleansed my bosom,

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Yet springeth soon and late
That fiery blossom.

What tho' some lying tale
The mind dissembles?—
The scarlet lip turns pale,
The strong hand trembles.

THE SAILOR. A very pretty song. But I mustn't forget. Show me where the prince is.

THE FOOL. Come with me! [*Leads the sailor off through the rose arbor*]

[*The door of the palace opens, disclosing the Prince and the Queen in a tender embrace*]

THE PRINCE. I shall always remember you. [*They come out*]

THE QUEEN. I suppose that is enough.

THE PRINCE. What is that you say?

THE QUEEN. [*Bitterly*] I say that it is enough that you should think of me sometimes on your long journey from the east to the west—enough that I have given to you what I have given to no other man. It is enough to be remembered. For though I am a Queen, I am a woman, and that is the portion of woman, to be remembered.

THE PRINCE. You are a great Queen, but it is true that you are a woman, and weak. You knew what manner of man I was, and that I would not be detained. Why, if you must have the taste of kisses on your lips always, did you not turn to some man of your own land, who would not stray from your side? Why did you give your love to one you have never seen before, one you shall never see again? I did not ask that you love me. What you gave I took.

THE QUEEN. I do not regret anything that I have given. But I am sorry for you, that you do not know what it is I have given.

THE PRINCE. It may be that I do not understand. But I know that I have set out on a long journey, and that I may not stay longer at this place. Would you ask me to do otherwise?

THE QUEEN. I would not ask you, no. If you understood, you would do it without the asking. If your life is the same now

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that it was before, go on with it. If all things in it have not changed color and significance, if your mind has not been swept as by a storm that changes and carries away old landmarks—if I have been to you but as a harlot to one of your sailors, then leave me.

THE PRINCE. It is not true that nothing has changed. My mind is in a turmoil. I am dizzy, I cannot see. I have almost forgotten my errand, and I do not know why I should once have set my heart on this long journey. You have bewitched me, and that is why I fear you. If I stay here with you any longer, I shall forget everything. I must go.

THE QUEEN. [*Coming up and taking him in her arms*] Then it is not true that you do not love me! You have forgotten the meaning of your journey, you no longer wish to go. The world is changed for you, and you see that nothing is worth thinking about except our love for each other. You know what love is. You will not go.

THE PRINCE. I *must* go. [*But he allows himself to be led to the seat*]

THE QUEEN. The moment has come for you. You must surrender to it. Do you not know that the greatest things are not those that we do, but those that unseen powers force upon us? It was ordained that you love me. You must give yourself up utterly. You must think of nothing else.

THE PRINCE. Why have you done this to me? Are you a witch? I am afraid of you! [*Rises*]

THE QUEEN. I will teach you sweet and terrible secrets.

THE PRINCE. I fear you and yet I trust you. What will come of this I do not know. But I care for nothing. Nothing in the world means anything to me now except you. Why is it that I seem to hate you? [*Seizes her and holds her fiercely*]

THE QUEEN. [*Abandoning herself to his ferocity*] That is because you love me at last.

THE PRINCE. [*Dragging her toward the door*] I could kill you.

THE QUEEN. You love me!

[*The sailor staggers in, sees the prince, and stops*]

THE SAILOR. I am bidden to tell you——

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THE PRINCE. Be off. What is it you say?
[*The Queen stands still, with her hands over her face*]
THE SAILOR. The ship is ready.
THE PRINCE. Go! [*The sailor staggers out*]
THE QUEEN. [*Watching him*] A word, and you have forgotten me already. A moment ago I thought you loved me. Now I am nothing to you.
THE PRINCE. The ship . . .
THE QUEEN. It is ready to sail. They are waiting for you. Why do you not go? I can give you nothing more.
THE PRINCE. I am sorry. But it is as you say. The ship is ready to sail. They are waiting for me. I must go.
THE QUEEN. Go quickly.
THE PRINCE. You are right. I go.
THE QUEEN. No. Stay! [*Throws herself at his feet, and clasps his knees*] See, I beg you to stay. I have no pride left, and no shame. I beg you. Stay even though you hate me. Stay even though you despise me. I do not care. I will be your slave, your bondwoman. You do not know what love is, and I must teach you. I cannot let you go. [*She puts her head in her hands, and weeps*]
THE PRINCE. [*Looking down at her*] I am sorry. [*After a pause*] Farewell. [*He touches her lightly on the shoulder and looking toward the sea, leaves her. She rises, and watches him with a stony face until he goes*]
[*The fool enters*]
THE QUEEN. Are you drunken, fool, as I bade you be?
THE FOOL. I am drunken, yes, but not with wine. I am drunken with bitterness. With the bitterness of love.
THE QUEEN. Of love, fool?
THE FOOL. With the bitterness of love. It will amuse you, and so I will tell you what I mean. It is you that I love.
THE QUEEN. Life grows almost interesting once more. But how is it that you dare to tell me this? Are you not afraid I will have you whipped?
THE FOOL. You would have had me whipped a week ago if I had told you this. But now you will not. Now you know what it is to love.

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THE QUEEN. My secrets are on a fool's tongue. But what does it matter? Go on.

THE FOOL. I have tried to help you. It pleased me to try to keep the man you love from going away. Why did I do it? In the hope that one day I should see you kissing him in the garden, and thus I would be saved the trouble of killing myself. In a word, I am a fool. But I have tried to help you. Why did you not keep him?

THE QUEEN. I have been asking that question of my own heart, fool. I would that I had not come to him a virgin and a Queen, but a light woman skilled in all the ways of love, and then perhaps I could have held him. But now he is gone, and everything is black—black.

THE FOOL. The world is black, but not so black as your heart this moment.

THE QUEEN. I think you understand, fool. I would set fire to this palace which the King my father built, I would burn it down to-night, save that it would not make light enough to take away the blackness from my heart.

[*Enter the sailor, staggering*]

THE QUEEN. What, has the ship not gone?

THE SAILOR. Gone, and left me behind. Gone, and left me.

THE FOOL. I have a flagon of wine here for you. [*Takes up flagon*]

THE SAILOR. Good. Good. Give it to me.

THE QUEEN. First bring it to me. [*Takes off ring and dips it in the wine*] I have spoken lightly of poisoning to-day. Now I think I will try it. I would like to see a man die. It will ease me a little. Come!

[*The sailor comes and takes it from her hands, while the fool stares fascinated*]

THE QUEEN. How does it taste?

THE SAILOR. [*Suddenly straightening up, no longer drunk*] Bitter. What was in it?

THE QUEEN. The bitterness of my heart. It will kill you.

THE SAILOR. I have been poisoned. [*Puts his hand to his side*] I am dying. But first! [*He draws a short sword, and runs at her. The fool starts up, but the Queen motions him*

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away, and waits. When he is almost upon her, he stops, throws up his hands, drops his sword, and falls in a heap]

THE QUEEN. [*After a moment, going up, and touching the body with her foot*] Dead. So that is what it is like?

THE FOOL. [*Trembling*] Do you find it so interesting?

THE QUEEN. No, my heart is already aching with its emptiness. What shall I do?

THE FOOL. You might poison *me*. I am sure that I would die in a more amusing manner than that sailor. For one thing, I would seize you in my arms and kiss you before I died.

THE QUEEN. That would be interesting. But it is a pity to waste kisses on a dying man. And besides, you are the only one in my kingdom who understands me. I must have you alive to talk to.

THE FOOL. Your kiss might prove more powerful than the poison, and keep me alive after all. There are strange stories about the kisses of queens.

THE QUEEN. If they are really strange, tell them to me.

THE FOOL. There is the old saying that three kisses bestowed by a queen upon a fool will make a hero of him.

THE QUEEN. That is really amusing. I think I will try it. Come to me, do not be afraid. This day I have given my kisses to a man who thought no more of them than that dead sailor there of the kisses of a harlot. What, must you kneel? Well, then, upon your forehead. [*She kisses him on the forehead as he kneels*]

[*The fool slowly rises, and as he rises he takes on dignity. His fool's cap is dropped aside, he picks up the dead sailor's sword and girds it on him*]

THE QUEEN. Ah, it is true. There is magic in it. You are handsome, too. I am not sorry to have kissed you.

[*Enter the old woman*]

THE QUEEN. Well, what is the news? The ship has sailed, has it not?

THE OLD WOMAN. Straight into the sunset. [*Sees the dead man, and looks at the Queen and at the fool*] Who killed him?

THE QUEEN. I killed him. He was left behind, and I do not like to have strangers about.

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THE OLD WOMAN. It is a good omen. I have not seen a dead man for twenty years, save those that died of sickness and old age. When shall we have the good old times when men killed each other with swords? I feel that it is coming. When shall we fall upon the four kingdoms, and tear them to pieces?

THE QUEEN. Ah, that is an idea. That would be something to do.

THE FOOL. Hush your croakings, old woman, and tell us the news that you have come with.

THE OLD WOMAN. How do you know that I come with news? Where is your cap, fool?

THE FOOL. Speak, or begone.

THE QUEEN. Beware how you speak to this man, for I have been making a hero out of him.

THE OLD WOMAN. Are you mad?

THE QUEEN. Yes, I am mad, so beware of us both, and tell your news.

THE OLD WOMAN. [*Tamed*] It is only that a boat has been seen to put out from the ship, and is coming back to shore.

THE QUEEN. It is doubtless a present for me. The prince has bethought himself to pay me for my kindness to him. Go, and give orders that any men who are in the boat are to be brought to me, with their hands tied behind them, that I may decide what punishment to inflict upon them. Let it be understood that we do not like strangers in this kingdom.

THE OLD WOMAN. [*Grimly*] It shall be as you say. [*Goes out*]

THE QUEEN. And now I must finish making a hero of you. It pleases me to be kissing a fool. There is something amusing about it. Come to this garden bench, where he and I sat together this morning, and I will kiss you upon the mouth, as I kissed him. Does it hurt you for me to say that? Good. [*They sit*] You are the only one in the kingdom who understands me. Lift up your head. [*Kisses him. He straightens up, and sits beside her like a king*] You say nothing. Why do you not utter something amusing?

THE FOOL. What I have to say will be with my sword, and your enemies will be the ones to hear it.

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THE QUEEN. Ah, I forgot, it is a hero I am making out of you, and all a hero can do is fight. That is a stupid thing. I am sorry now that I have kissed you.

THE FOOL. You will not be sorry when I have destroyed your enemies for you.

THE QUEEN. Now you are beginning to talk like my old nurse. It is well enough to fight, but it should be for the amusement of it, and not with such seriousness. I have only succeeded in making you dull. You were better as a fool.

[*Enter the prince, with his hands tied behind him, conducted by some soldiers*]

THE PRINCE. Why am I treated in this fashion?

THE QUEEN. So it is you. [*Looks at him*]

THE PRINCE. Order that these bonds be taken from my wrists.

THE QUEEN. We do not like strangers in this country. You were tied by my command, and brought here that I might decide what punishment to mete out to you. Look what we have done to one of your men. [*Points to the dead body*] Carry it away. [*To the soldiers*]

THE PRINCE. Are you mad?

THE QUEEN. Yes, so beware of me. [*The body is carried off*] Now cut his bonds. [*To the fool*]

THE FOOL. He is a brave man, and does not deserve to be treated in this manner. [*Cuts the bonds*]

THE PRINCE. Who are you that you should plead for me? Have I not seen you with a fool's cap?

THE FOOL. And now you see me with a sword.

THE PRINCE. Leave us. I wish to speak with the Queen.

THE QUEEN. No, stay. It is not necessary for you to speak. I know all that you can say. You wish to tell me that the kisses you had from me were so sweet that you would like to buy some more, and are willing to put off your journey for a while.

THE PRINCE. I have given up my journey forever. I have put aside all foolish imaginings. I know that the only thing that is real in all the world is love. You are scornful. But I have neither pride nor shame. I kneel at your feet, and beg you to love me once more. [*Kneels*]

THE QUEEN. It is a pretty speech. But you are too late. I

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have forgotten you. While they were tying your hands, I was kissing this man upon the mouth.

THE PRINCE. [*Springing up*] It is a lie!

THE FOOL. Did you say that the Queen lies? [*Draws his sword*]

THE PRINCE. I do not fight with fools. [*To the Queen*] Send him away, and have him beaten.

THE QUEEN. Are you not willing to fight with him for me?

THE PRINCE. What do you mean?

THE QUEEN. I mean that I have a new appetite, the appetite for death. I hold myself lightly, as you know, and will go willingly to the arms of any man that wants me. But first he must kill some one. There must be a little blood to sweeten the kisses.

THE PRINCE. Do you wish me to kill him?

THE QUEEN. Or to be killed by him; it makes no difference. What are my kisses, that I should be careful to whom they go? Yes, I mean my words. Go and kill him.

THE PRINCE. You speak strangely, and I hardly know you. I have come back as a lover and not as a butcher. But whatever you ask, I will do.

THE QUEEN. Go, then, and do it.

THE PRINCE. But I do not understand. Why are you so strange? Tell me, say one word to show that you still love me. Then I shall kill this man like a thought.

THE QUEEN. I have no word to say. Go and fight.

THE PRINCE. Doubt makes heavy my sword.

THE FOOL. And have you nothing to say to *me* before I fight him?

THE QUEEN. You are right. This. [*She kisses him on the mouth*]

THE PRINCE. It is I that am mad. [*Covers his eyes*]

THE FOOL. Come, if you are not afraid.

[*They go out, the prince giving one long look at the Queen, whose face remains hard. It has become a dark twilight*]

THE QUEEN. Oh, what a thing love is! Why did I do this?

[*Enter the old woman*]

THE QUEEN. I have sent him out to die.

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THE OLD WOMAN. The fool?

THE QUEEN. No, no, no, my lover, my beloved. I tortured him and denied him, and sent him out to die. Oh, why did I do it?

THE OLD WOMAN. It is well. Death is among us again, and the old times have come back.

[*There are sounds of fighting, and the women wait in silence. Then the sounds cease, and slowly the soldiers bear in a dead body, which they lay on the steps. They affix torches to the wall on either side of the door, and go out*]

THE FOOL. [*Going up to the Queen, and holding out his sword to her, hilt-foremost*] I have done your bidding, and slain a brave man. Bid some one take this sword and slay me.

THE OLD WOMAN. What a faintheart you are! The fool's cap is on you still. Put back your sword in your scabbard. You will make a soldier yet.

THE QUEEN. You are a brave man. Put back your sword in its scabbard, and may it destroy all my enemies from this day forth.

THE FOOL. What shall I do?

THE QUEEN. I have created you, and now I must give you something to do. You can only fight. Very well then, fight. I bid you take my soldiers, and lead them to the kingdom that thrusts its chief city so close up against our walls. There should be good fighting, and much spoil inside the city. One thing I charge you: when the soldiers have glutted themselves with wine and women, let the city be set on fire. I shall look every night for a light in the sky, and when it comes I shall know it is my bonfire. Perhaps it will light up my heart for a moment. When that is finished, I shall find you other bloody work, befitting a hero. And now go.

THE FOOL. I understand. You shall have your bonfire. Come, old woman, I want some of your advice.

THE OLD WOMAN. The good old days have come back. Ah, the smell of blood! [*They go out, leaving the Queen with her dead*]

[*The Queen looks over at the dead man lying on the steps between the torches, and gradually her face softens. She goes*

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over slowly, and kneels by his side, gazing on him. She reclines gradually until she lies beside him, still gazing into his face. Then she softly leans herself upon him, and kisses him on the mouth. Gradually she rises again, and stands. She goes slowly to her seat, and sits down. She looks away, and her face assumes again a tragic hardness. A sound of trumpets and shouting, the menacing prelude of war, is heard outside]

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THE COLLEGE WOMAN THROUGH OPERA GLASSES

MARGARET BALL

SOMEWHERE between the "beauty" of the poet's vision and the "beauty" discussed in the newspaper column which furnishes recipes for face lotions, there lies a kind of beauty that touches everyday life more closely than either of these. Usually it passes among us unnamed. The Greeks, we know, recognized a beauty of attitude, of manner, of the conduct of life in the aspects it presents to the eye and through the eye to the mind; they saw that the grace and charm which may characterize the minor activities of ordinary people deserve intelligent effort. We of modern days have preferred for the most part to accept beauty in common affairs as a fortunate accident, contributing to our pleasure but hardly to be counted among our artistic ambitions.

Women are supposed to conserve by a kind of divine instinct all the good taste in manners that the community requires. And schools are expected to propagate social ideals of a larger scope. Now that women and education have met one another in our colleges, what will they contrive to do with the manners of our society? What are they even now doing? These are perhaps the last questions that American college girls would be prepared to answer. Efficiency and democracy are very familiar terms in their world; the words charm, grace, comeliness, elegance, are all more or less out of date. The Greek idea of the beautiful meets them not in life, but only in the classroom. The students are cheerful under inspection, however, and as they advance gaily toward the world across their campus playground they reveal, in their behavior, expression, costume, a certain record of contemporary taste. That record, however shifting and ill-defined it may seem, furnishes an incisive commentary on the chances of ordered beauty, of the finer harmonies, in the developing American manner of life.

Investigating these college girls in a cool north light, we find that their characteristic actions do not wholly defy analysis.

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But we must study the community instead of the individual. College life develops a mood comparable to that dominating the chorus in a musical comedy. Unconscious and instinctive as the impulse is, it nevertheless achieves a more conspicuous result than any other factor in the college training. It offers us, therefore, our best point of attack in our effort to define the tastes of the students, and the only strategic position for a possibly critical public wishing to suggest modifications in the effects produced.

Not the nature of the curriculum, but the character of the community life, gives us the spectacle of five hundred or fifteen hundred people "composing" themselves within their gilded frame. The frame is often really charming; this also has its effect. Upon a green and sun-flecked campus, under great trees and against a background of impressive buildings, is grouped an enormous number of young women ranging in age over only a few years, moulded by very similar experiences in life, and fairly homogeneous in respect to social position and ideals. They like each other, being healthy and happy, and tend to act in harmony. The conventionalities of college life, however mysteriously complicated they may seem to an outsider, to the students themselves are monumentally simple because guided at every point by the impulse toward communal activities and collective moods.

Watch a collegeful of young women: they sidestep at the same moment; they dress in subtly varied harmony; they bow together with the same show of merry teeth or with the same frown, greeting a festival or a bugaboo toward which all, by inner compulsion incomprehensible often to the observer, feel alike. Who that has visited a woman's college at "prom-time" or during examination week can doubt the essential truth of the picture? Instinct serves as the chorus-trainer, and without knowing why she does it the student adapts her demeanor to the community pattern; she succeeds astonishingly in subordinating her appearance to the general scheme. Grey sweaters, white dresses, sailor arrangements so similar that they are known by the name of one tailor—these and the fillets reinforce the speech with its skilfully conventionalized vocabulary and accent, in the achievement of making one college girl so like all others that instructors grow

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old before their time in trying to distinguish their pupils and individualize the preceptorial influence.

Non-conformists among the students occasionally vindicate themselves by their success, with everything, so far as one can see, initially against them in the typical college community. The "queer" girls are shifted by an inexorable natural law into solo parts or off into the wings. When it fails to succeed in its mission of being more interesting than the crowd, individuality becomes simply a nuisance. In the crowd the actions of the separate persons gain immensely in effectiveness; a single motion of the hand, one flicker of the eyebrow, would make no impression at all, but five hundred may positively bring the observer's heart into his mouth.

Team-play such as this is a more vital achievement than that learned in the athletic games often recommended for women as a training in co-operation. But though this instinctive group-action expresses the very heart of the community, it needs to be developed and enriched by a wise recognition of its possibilities. The team must work as well as play. The question is not whether we are to regard this chorus instinct cheerfully or otherwise, but whether we are to make the most of its assistance. We cannot tell yet whether the development of a community impulse is reducing the personal competence of our women by eliminating individuality, or whether it is, on the contrary, likely to mass and multiply the power of separate persons, as it undoubtedly accentuates in college the effectiveness, for good or ill, of very unimpressive and ordinary people. While we wait for the verdict which only time can furnish we must sympathize not too sadly with the despair of the instructor who sees his sheep jumping over fences in files that are pictorial rather than reasonable.

Any effort to break up the chorus is certain to be futile. Our problem of beauty in the life of college women is therefore a social problem, a question of attractiveness and dignity in the group. The single students are mastered by the pull of the crowd. No better illustration of the kind of manners developed by the group could be found than the greetings between college girls returning from a vacation. A violent embrace and an

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emphatic "My *dear!* *So* glad to see you! Isn't it *grand* to be back!" ruins the effect of any gentler salutation, and many a girl adopts the general tone as exactly as possible to escape the danger of seeming cold. Even the knowledge that the whole performance savors of caricature is not enough to discredit it, because most people enjoy caricature. Devices which would be amusing enough if they appeared casually and singly have caught the imagination of the crowd and become hardened by undue exposure. The standard of manners is deficient because it has not been consciously socialized.

Self-consciousness of a sort is not lacking. We must count on an intense conviction among the students themselves that they are in some sense picturesque, and on a generous admiration of what they consider the cleverness of their companions. An amiable public has not helped them to develop a sensitive and rigorous taste. College girls have been seen to eat cream puffs on a village street with an air of benevolence, as if they were contributing to the cause of civilization, and all observers appeared delighted. When hordes of young men and women take vociferous possession of railroad trains and stations about holiday time the rest of the travellers conspicuously fail to appear bored. If the vivacity of college girls may, as seems probable, be traced chiefly to their habit of looking expectantly at each other for something to exclaim about, they ought to be stimulated by a discriminating audience; but if outsiders join in the applause and demand nothing better than vivacity, what wonder that the student develops a complacent view of her daily behavior?

A public admiration for picturesqueness may easily be fatal to real charm of action. Just as a company of amateur actors is likely to deteriorate in repeating a successful performance because they fail to understand the really effective points, so the college woman is in danger of stressing the uglier motifs, of emphasizing the least characteristic side of her activity. Attractive though her fresh young energy may seem in a jaded world, she is nevertheless too striking. If we follow into general society a single undergraduate we find her discarding her collegiate idiosyncrasies as quickly as possible and adopting the conventional manners of the community in which she finds herself, and here

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for a time she feels herself at a disadvantage because she does not know how to adorn a background. Greater gentleness is the first modification to be effected in the college standard of manners. Force now takes the place of ingenuity. College girls hardly even keep up to date in the matter of slang, because the vigor with which they are " just crazy " or " scared stiff " suffices to galvanize the tiresome expressions to their minds. Their gait is apt to be a stride; in posture they " hustle " or " slouch," with unmitigated thoroughness. Only youth and health make this over-emphasis endurable.

Influences tending to restrain this strong disposition are not altogether lacking. Certain important qualities of mind in these young people hint at the way in which a growing enlightenment may be expected to modify their reactions. First of all we may put the students' common sense, their recoil from what seems to them absurd. This trait accounts for their dislike of many of the conventionalities of life. Though they adopt with enthusiasm certain oddities of dress, these are always justified in their minds by some notion of appropriateness; and toward other fashions they remain laughingly intolerant. Thus they welcome short skirts that allow them to skip freely about the campus and use only unconsidered moments in reaching classes, and they explain the fillets which have loomed larger and brighter during some recent seasons by saying that the sensation of brains firmly bound up helps them to think. But when tested on such matters as ear-rings they seldom follow the vogue, because it seems to them artificial. Formal social affairs at college are an odd mixture of the child's party and the casual meeting of friendly people for talk. Undergraduate good sense seems to outsiders very inconspicuous, but it nevertheless counts for something in the regulation of extreme assertiveness.

A second and perhaps more striking quality which may be invoked is a strongly ethical inclination. On this side the group-standard is fairly high. These young women examine and test their conduct, consciously adopting fine models and realizing the importance of effort. And, though this characteristic has not always increased the charm of daily life, there seems to be no reason why it should not help in so good a cause. Any question

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that can be turned or twisted into the sphere of ethics receives the most respectful treatment. Like the policeman who dragged a dead horse from Kosciusko street to Main street so that he might be able to spell his report, the authorities of women's colleges find themselves raising the most ordinary problems to a high moral plane because the students understand the ethical appeal so much better than any other. Students are urged to attend the gymnasium faithfully that they may become strong for their life-work; they would reject as undignified a vocational course in graceful behavior. Yet there seems no reason why they should not adopt the idea that conduct beautiful from every point of view is a matter of moral obligation.

Trained intelligence and intellectual power should certainly play their part in forming the standard of exterior attractiveness, and may serve as the climax in our list of hopeful qualities. The degree of intelligence attained by college students has often been derided, and assuredly it falls far short of the ideal; but if it counts for nothing the faith of the public is pitiably misplaced. The trouble is largely that this quality has too seldom been applied to the most ordinary affairs of life. It will be so applied only when the group-standard demands its help. The strongly democratic spirit in the colleges, which is viewed to-day as a moral quality, has probably tended to depress and keep at an unduly low level the standard of manners. But when education is provided for everybody, an attractive appearance and a thoroughly civilized behavior should be as lavishly arranged for.

If the stare which the public seems ready to devote to women's colleges could be interpreted as a demand for a high standard of beauty, the present standard would tend, imperceptibly perhaps, to rise. No company of young women facing a battalion of opera-glasses ought to be left in doubt of the verdict if tones are shrill, gestures angular, speech monotonous and costumes unlovely. And if ideas also could be expected to reach a level raised and maintained by the pride of the group-on-parade, we might call the college self-consciousness a salutary influence in young lives.

Ideas as a dominating factor in conduct are really the characteristic need. Here lies the solution, at once simple and discouraging, of the whole matter, in ideas—of conversation, of

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dress, of posture: of self-expression and self-restraint in every field in which the group has superseded the individual and has thus far failed to develop a sense of æsthetic responsibility. And ideas are not now held in solution in the college atmosphere. The intellectual element is reserved for the classroom and apparently exhausted there. Along with the weaving of the network of social interests which the student lovingly regards as the warp and woof of college life, the academic requirements have in many places been growing much more severe; "snap courses" are being scrutinized so carefully by faculties and students, perhaps for different purposes, as to become dangerously conspicuous. Even while the elective principle seems anxious to enlist in the service of the curriculum every bit of intellectual curiosity to be found in any student, the actual amount of hard work required has increased. This raising of the standard is registered not only by the number of young people who fail to keep up with the academic pace and are dropped from the college lists, but also by the vigor of the rebound when leisure moments allow the students to choose their own occupations. They say simply, if tritely, "We must rest our minds after the strain of study."

One consequence of this situation is the taboo placed on literature as a source of entertainment by the forces that dominate college life. We have hockey clubs, and organized tramping trips, and class "sings,"—tangible enterprises which satisfy the demand, felt subconsciously by the student, for action at once comfortably informal, spectacular, and social. But we no longer have any enthusiastic literary organizations, speaking broadly, except dramatic clubs, which usually devote part of their attention to mere "shows" of the comic opera kind. Such performances only exaggerate the college fondness for ragtime deportment; but the dramatic clubs on their more serious side do attempt, almost alone, the task of refining the exuberance of everyday behavior by the application of mind. Actors and critics and spectators must all respond to the influence of a stage that transports them from their campus commonplaces to the poetry of the Shakespearean scene or the sophistications of contemporary drama. Only when a current of ideas plays about conduct can it hope to escape monotony, not to say stupidity.

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The rhythm and action of the chorus in our American life need everywhere to be modulated, varied, developed toward greater effectiveness. That position of leadership which is said to belong to the colleges is conspicuously open to them in this matter. And yet collegians of to-day do not feel themselves set apart from the world by any " call " to special pursuits: a speaker who, in addressing a college, invites attention to the picked quality of his hearers, finds the force of his challenge minimized by the sense of fact or of humor in his audience. Priggishness is rarer than in the days when college men considered themselves chosen instruments of leadership, devoting themselves to special training because destined to positions of prominence. The world has gone to the opposite extreme. Students, like other Americans, try to harmonize with their neighbors instead of introducing new discriminations. May we not hope in some coming day to restore the dignity of the older time, without losing our wholesome sense of reality and our pleasure in practical activities?

Thoughtful people may be found who expect young graduates to show intelligence in the art of living. The student should not be allowed to remain " unfinished " simply because her primary concern is with something more fundamental than the problem of how to enter a drawing-room; she might even gather intellectual power from an effort to acquire the Greek habit of grace and serenity. If the need is forcibly enough presented, undergraduate standards will respond, and we shall see the social impulse enormously assisting in the cultivation of attractive behavior.

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TWO GLIMPSES OF THE NEW ENGLAND POLE

HARRY SHIPMAN BROWN

THREE rooms that compose a dirty shanty; twenty people. Half trampled under foot, the children. It is the wedding of a Polish girl. The guests are singing; wine, liquor, and beer are flowing freely. Animal joy is on a rampage. There is no restraint and it is the thick heat of July. In the centre of a stuffy room that smells of unmentionable things the bride is dancing with one of the guests. Dancing? They whirl around in a dizzy, sensuous monotony to the shrieks and whines of a one-piece orchestra. The partner has given his dollar for the bride's dowry; so has each of the male guests. The bride's father furnishes drink in plenty; the bride must dance with each who has given his dollar. Exhausted at last, the two dancers stop; a new musician begins to play and another couple is on the floor. A few minutes' rest and the bride is recovered and is whirling around again in return for another dollar. The guests stamp their feet in time, shout coarse jokes, and act boorishly. The drink goes to their heads. The bridegroom staggers across the floor, aroused at last by some undue liberty the bride's partner has taken. He reels forward, threatens, is sneered at. The bride is pushed back roughly. A knife, a sharp blade, a bloody gash. With a bellow of rage, the others rush in. . . .

A hot field. Under the full glare of a cruel sun, a Pole and his wife. In a dilapidated baby carriage straight from the junk heap, a tiny baby, crying drearily. In their bare feet and scant clad limbs and bodies, labor the man and woman on their knees, weeding those never-ending rows of onions. Animals, they work under the sun and in the dirt; with stolid, stupid faces. From dawn until sunset's over, they stay out there in the field. At noon they pause long enough to snatch a bite to eat and for the mother to nurse the baby; then back to torturous work. . . .

These are Americans. To-day, a few New England Poles of yesterday are buying old New England homesteads. To-morrow, the countless Poles of to-day——

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SOCIALISM AND EUNOMICS

RICHARD DANA SKINNER

THE socialist movement, which plays so influential a part in modern politics, should be clearly distinguished from the mere economic theory of socialism. Continual misunderstanding results from the indiscriminate confusion of these distinct entities, a misunderstanding the more lamentable since it concerns the basic laws of society, and leads to endless loose thinking and much sentimental idiocy.

The difficulty which many find in defining socialism, and the wordiness which is annually wasted in talking at cross purposes, must be attributed, not to the haziness of the socialist programme, as many suppose, but to the impossibility of standardizing the scope of the word socialism itself. As an economic theory, socialism holds that humanity would be happier and better off in this world's goods if all the instruments of production, that is, all capital, were to be under social ownership. This is far from implying that the workers in a particular industry should own the plant and financial resources of that industry. That would be anarchy, whereas socialism reaches toward a highly centralized community in which the democratic State, the only one seriously considered, shall own the tools of production. The democratic State being theoretically the people, it is correct to say that under socialism the people will own the means of production from which they must subsist, that the direction of industry will be taken out of private hands and absorbed by the people as a unit. The ideas that socialism is atheistic, that it is progressive, that it stands for free love, and so on, result from the philosophy of life which underlies the economic theory, a philosophy which people interpret differently, according as they may be friends, enemies, or passive examiners of the system.

Many socialist writers wish to confine the meaning and scope of socialism to economics; yet others, and among them, be it noted, many of the moving spirits of the party—I now refer to international socialism—have strenuously objected to this limitation of the field. For example, August Bebel, one of the fore-

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most of German socialists, declares that "Christianity is the enemy of liberty and civilization. It has kept mankind in slavery and oppression. The Church and State have always fraternally united to exploit the people. Christianity and socialism are like fire and water." * Or taking Belfort Bax, a well-known English socialist, we find that he supplements this view by saying that "Socialism has been well described as a new conception of the world, presenting itself in industry as co-operative Communism, in politics as international Republicanism, in religion as atheistic Humanism . . . The establishment of society on a socialistic basis would imply the definitive abandonment of all theological cults, since the notion of a transcendent god or semi-divine prophet is but the counterpart and analogue of the transcendent governing class. So soon as we are rid of the desire of one section of society to enslave another the dogmas of an effete creed will lose their interest." †

Yet it must be remembered that many socialists refuse to subscribe to the sweeping definitions of men like Marx, Bebel, Bax and others. Whether they are right in so doing, I could not here determine without an extensive excursion into the philosophy of socialism which, although it would be interesting in substance, might prove too long for a general discussion such as this. The interesting point to notice is that not only socialists but many strong opponents of the system differ as to the meaning of socialism. Thus, Hilaire Belloc, a noted individualist, after defining the economic theory of socialism, goes on to state that "All the other wobbly ideas that have been tacked on to it by its enemies or its friends—that it is 'atheistic,' or that it involves sexual 'immorality,' that it is 'progressive,' that it is 'Christian'—have nothing to do with the one proposition which alone distinguishes it from all other policies," ‡ namely, as he has before set forth, the Government ownership of the tools of production.

With this varying testimony from friend and foe, it is plain that the scope of socialism becomes increasingly difficult to de-

* Essay in *Vorwaerts* (1901).
† *The Religion of Socialism* (p. 81).
‡ *An Examination of Socialism*, p. 1.

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termine. On the one hand we have a definite economic theory; on the other side we have hundreds of men, desperately in earnest, some insisting that the economic theory alone has the right to be called socialism, others urging, rightly or wrongly, as you choose, that no theory can be separated from ethics and philosophy since morality and philosophy are in all things, and that socialism must include all departments of human life. The difficulty in definition, therefore, comes, as I have already said, from the impossibility of determining the scope of the word. But whether you prefer to consider socialism as a philosophy of life having its basis in materialistic evolution and economic determinism, or as a uniquely distinct and self-sufficient economic theory, the substantial, and, perhaps, from our point of view, the most important fact remains that the *socialist movement*, a tremendous living force working about us and among us with tireless energy and almost fanatic zeal, is undeniably accompanied by extreme radicalism in political, moral and religious views. To understand socialism as a whole, therefore, these two factors, the movement and the theory, should be kept rigidly distinct.

Yet, although this distinction will aid us admirably, I do not mean to imply that the whole question is reducible, like a problem in arithmetic, to such simple terms. On the contrary, even when they separate the movement from the theory, there are many who see in socialism nothing but a conflicting chaos of opinions. Nor is this surprising, even though, as we have seen, the final ideal is fairly definite; for the point of infinite, amusing, and decidedly bewildering variety occurs in the controversy over the methods by which socialists would arrive at their ultimate goal. Some are opportunists, seeking to gain strength by the ballot; others are revolutionaries, striving to create a class war which shall end in the reduction of society to one class, the wage earners. So much political dust is raised by the internal contests of the socialist movement over the means to be employed, that, to the ever obtuse and as yet uninterested public mind, the unity of the final ideal becomes hopelessly obscured.

This is unfortunate, for the discussion is not, after all, very complex. The doctrine of class war and the survival of the

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fittest is the logical outcome of genuine Marxian socialism, a sort of Marxo-Darwinian interpretation of history, and is the principle adhered to by the syndicalists, a body which, to the horror and discomfiture of parlor socialists, is striding daily into greater prominence. Syndicalism is but the physical expression of Marxian theory. But all socialists, I am persuaded, whether opportunists or revolutionaries, are aware of the undoubted advantage of organized labor when it can be brought successfully under socialist control. If the ballot does not succeed in effecting bloodless revolution, the general strike is on hand, like the spear of Odysseus, to annihilate the parasitic suitors of wealth. Perhaps I should say "financially annihilate," for the general strike, like the ballot method, it is hoped will be bloodless. Others advocate, or hint at, still more drastic measures. Ex-Congressman Berger, who has become essentially a mild and "constructive" socialist, expressed himself in no uncertain fashion when he wrote, some four years ago, that "in view of the plutocratic law-making of the present day, it is easy to predict that the safety and hope of this country will finally lie in one direction only—that of a violent and bloody revolution.*" We may only hope that he did not wish his words to be too seriously taken. But in any case, I think I am justified in saying that, whether the revolution is to be peaceful or bloody, the control of the labor forces makes a weapon of offence which few socialists would hesitate to wield for the furtherment of the Cause, their common goal.

In this light, the variety in methods does not appear so confusing. In general they unite in this, that they seek by the use of existing institutions to overturn the present basis of production and distribution of wealth with the avowed and sincere intention of bettering the temporal condition of mankind. Whether inimical or friendly to the idea, we should not take it too lightly, for no force can grow to the magnitude which the socialist movement has reached without some pressing cause. Many of the conditions in our highly organized industrial society are beyond doubt intolerable, and socialism in presenting a programme which, revolutionary though it be, offers to better permanently

* *Social Democratic Herald,* Milwaukee, 7-31-1909.

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the condition of the great mass of mankind, cannot be overlooked without serious danger. But, at the same time, I can see no greater problem before the people to-day than that of finding the direction in which to turn if socialism is not to be the inevitable end of our present difficulties and the commencement of a thousand new and undreamed of complexities. What, then, is the alternative, the real alternative, if indeed there be any, to the ideal of socialism?

The alternative, as it appears to me, lies rather in a point of view than in a precise programme; and this point of view, this social science, if you will, I shall call, for want of a better word, Eunomics.

The science of eunomics is virtually the science of social order and equilibrium, with all that that implies. There can be no doubt of the scope of the term, since its range is as great as that of society itself; but its particular application is far more definite, its point of view far more precise and clear than one would naturally suppose at first glance.

Despite the widespread sophistic tendencies of the times, I think it must be evident to all that certain basic laws of society have their foundation, not in the force of collective opinion, nor, again, in the mere existence of precedent, but in the physical laws of nature itself. It is not necessary for the present purpose to go beyond the range of physical phenomena and demand whence the origin of these laws; for their existence may be scientifically demonstrated even without the vast confirming evidence of metaphysical reasoning and dogmatic theology. They are perpetual and unchanging in their operation, although their particular effect may vary according to the ever changing conditions of human existence, and in agreement with that alteration in the human point of view which results from accumulating experience.

At one time this assertion would not have been questioned, but in the present state of individualism run riot, free thought—a euphonious term for loose-thought—has converted every changing aspect of nature and humanity into a tool to serve the selfish ends of the individual; and it is here precisely that we find the origin of that blatant disregard for solid morality, of that neglect

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of eternal law from which the largest part of the present-day abuses spring.

As an example of the heedlessness of modern thought, I can find no better illustration than the popular attitude toward slavery. In the principle underlying slavery, we have a striking instance of the perpetuity of social law; for it is a principle which must last so long as all men are not endowed at birth with equal faculties and powers, hence must last as long as humanity. I am fully aware that to those superficial lovers of the word, to those cherishers of pet fancies who fondly think that the principle of slavery disappeared from the civilized world with the close of the United States' War of Secession, this statement may cause some surprise and not a little pain. Sometimes, it is true, they will sadly refer to our industrial conditions as little better than slavery; but I fear that for them such an expression is a mere figure of speech. They consider slavery a classic example from the unregenerate past, and use it as a dramatic term of reproach. Lest they misunderstand, therefore, I must make it clear that I do not refer to the word slavery, nor to the particular form of slavery which prevailed in the South previous to the war, but to the great social law which underlies slavery, a law which we try in vain to elude.

The earliest demonstration of this principle on a large scale was chattel slavery, a result of the physical domination of one race or tribe over another. In its last glimmer it evinced itself as the domination of the white race over the black; but in Roman times and earlier all prisoners of war were brought home captive and sold as slaves. With the advent of Christianity, the injustice of physical coercion was gradually realized; and by slow degrees a more refined adjustment of society grew into strength. But the necessity for subordination was present none the less, the necessity for director and directed, for master and servant. Thus wages in return for service, and a high respect for personal liberty became the established order. Nature herself demanded that control should reside with those who showed themselves more fit; but intellectual power supplanted physical force in the attainment of economic freedom. The principle of domination, or slavery—call it what you will—remained inevit-

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ably fixed; but its outward form changed. In this light our modern "industrial slavery" is an expression of the financial power of one set of individuals over another, an ever changing, ever shifting set of masters and servants, to be sure, but none the less there at any given instant. It would seem, then, as I have said, that we cannot escape the principle, try as we may.

But here I come into direct conflict with Mr. Bax and others of his belief. Mr. Bax, it will be remembered, stated quite clearly that "so soon as we are rid of the desire of one section of society to enslave another the dogmas of an effete creed will lose their interest." Evidently, he sincerely believes that socialism will succeed in avoiding this tenacious principle of domination. Such a claim, it seems to me, deserves careful attention, especially as the whole basis of eunomics depends upon the substantiality and permanence of social law.

In order to facilitate the discussion on this point, let us grant for a moment the impossible, namely, that classes have ceased to exist; and let us also admit that the socialist commonwealth has been established in its theoretically perfect form, leaving out of consideration the human elements of jealousy, envy, dishonesty, and the like, with which all systems must struggle. The first question we ask is, where lies the ownership of capital? Does it lie with society as a whole?

I take it that ownership is the legitimate power to control, and so look to see who controls the capital and instruments of production of the State. I find it in the hands of the Government, the representative, not of all society, but of one social faction only, of "the majority." If the control of the State's resources is satisfactory to that majority they may continue indefinitely to dominate the minority, who, it must be insisted upon, have no actual share for the moment in the instruments of production with which they labor, no more share, in fact, than had an African slave in his master's cotton fields; for they have no control, no voice in the management of the capital. Socialism, therefore, as implying social ownership, the ownership of all society, is found to be a misnomer; and the crude phrase "majority-ism" is the best word we can find to describe the newest,

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and yet in some ways the oldest form of slavery, the forceful domination of one body of human society over another.

The socialist friends of the ballot will probably disagree with the phrase "forceful domination." I must hasten, therefore, to remind them that, in fact, the ballot, when it is allowed to direct all departments of human life, is merely a conventional representative of force. Starting with the false premise that the will of a majority constitutes right and wrong, the ballot is but an accepted and unqualified expression of the power of the many. If that majority exceeds the bounds of what the minority considers justice, the ballot is no longer accepted as the criterion of power, and the inevitable recourse is had to physical strife. If rebellion and treason are not resorted to, it is merely a sign that the minority have agreed to accept the ballot at its face value and to acknowledge themselves beaten, enslaved for the time being.

The assumption that socialism is equitable demands a similar assumption that the majority will rightly conceive the ballot and recognize the permanence of moral and social law; but the recognition of these principles involves the rejection of the name socialism, as I have shown, and the acknowledgment that the system which now goes by that name would be nothing more than an equivalent of the old form of slavery, in which the force of numbers, and not intellect, would determine the right of control, not only of government, but of all the means of livelihood.

The basis of eunomics, however, rests, as I have indicated, on an open recognition of the continuity of social principles. As a science, it seeks to state these laws in terms fitting the conditions of the age, and to discover their most humane application. If the principle underlying slavery must persist, what is its highest development? What stage is most in accordance with the laws of right and wrong? This is a question for eunomics to settle, a general question, to be sure, but one of supreme importance.

Eunomics is likewise a moral science which deals with the force of public conscience and with the character of the individual. No mere system can replace public and private conscience and morality, since it is in the abuse of man's free will that the root of a goodly part of our social evils must be sought.

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The congested state of capital to-day is no more a necessity of the present system than is drunkenness a necessity of the permission to use alcohol. Commercial gluttony should no more be tolerated by public opinion than excess in eating and drinking. It is to the moral consciousness of the public and of individuals that the appeal should be made, if an effective remedy for social injustice is to be expected; and such an appeal can be made successfully only from the point of view of fixed morality and eternal justice.

But the extreme individualist may ask, where indeed does true morality lie? In the whirlpool of individual opinions as to the essentials of right and wrong, he will ask where the truth is to be found, and how he is to recognize it. In the maze of sophistry which we must constantly face, such a question is not wholly unnatural. But to my mind, the truly scientific, and also religious view is that good lies in conformity with natural physical laws, laws which can be scientifically demonstrated, laws which are the manifestation in physical form of divine Intelligence. Evil, on the other hand, would appear as the violation of these same natural laws, in short, a disorder, a disnomics, which is the inevitable cause of strife.

Eunomics, therefore, does not seek the social ideal in a mere system of human and fallible laws, but in the application of divine, unchanging moral law to the individual and to society. It is, as I said at first, a point of view rather than a precise programme. Understanding that the basis for social classes is permanent, it strives to bring harmony into the relation of these classes by means of applied morality, by combatting dishonesty, commercial gluttony and cheating of the laborer no less than those futile incitations to class hatred and class war which are quite as contrary to nature as the former, and hence as fatal to civilization.

It is quite true that the forms which social classes assume may, and, in fact, frequently do change; but, notwithstanding, the classes themselves persist, whether as factions or as different social orders. There is, however, a point of highest economic and moral efficiency, where true Christian principles are really applied and not merely used in hypocritical fashion as a tool

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for individual ends, a point toward which we must climb, and beyond which we cannot go without again sinking lower. Progress may literally lie in reaction at one time and in advance at another, if we think of progress as we should, namely, as a movement upward, and not as a hopeless lateral sliding along a dead level. It is only by applied religion, by the existence of an acute public conscience and a firm standard of morality that slavery, as I have defined it, may be made truly humane; hence it is by these means alone that we may hope to reach the highest point, the truest eunomic ideal. Systems and the ballot will be effective only so long as the law of right is not transgressed by the law of might; and the law of right lies, not in the phantasy of an individual brain, but in the eternal principles, physical and moral, of the universe, in the operation of that Will before Whose laws all must bow, in the mandates of the greatest of all sciences, religion, which fools alone have sought to crush!

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ANITRA'S DANCE

ADDISON LEWIS

Edvard Grieg *Bronislawa Pajitskaja*

WARM light bathed the sands,
Anitra danced—
The harp welled through
Its gamut, and
The choir
Of string and shrilling reed,
Lightly urged, out-burst
In passioned melody.
Anitra danced—
The deep blue of her eyes,
Her grey-green scarf,
Her scarlet-slippered feet,
The tinkling brass
That fringed her skirt
Were gay—
Like the subtle longings
Of her soul, ran mazed
In witless rhythm.
Anitra danced—
And vibrant chords were struck.
The choir
In swift abandon
Trembled toward its height.
The maiden leapt—
Her arms enclasped her head,
Her sinuous body
Bent, vied with her feet
In grace. She flung
Her arms for joy,
And kissed at heaven
With mad, burning lips.
The cymbals crashed,

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And muted strings
Pined shivering, and shivering,
Ceased.
A flute piped silence—
A horn's low moan was heard.
Anitra crouched. Her fingers
Hid her face,
And the breath of the sea
Blew soft upon her.
The sea was cold.

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BLACK BUTTERFLIES

SADAKICHI HARTMANN

BLACK butterflies against a gold brocade background. This will serve as a symbol of the art of dancing as well as any other.

It is the image which two Russian dancers (during a rehearsal in a *pas de deux,* both performers dressed in black gymnasium suits) suggested to me by their special choregraphic faculties—a combination of the old and new, richer in actual dance forms than Isadora Duncan's style, yet applying the same wilful method of interpretation.

For what is dancing but a scripture of corporeal forms against space, of blurred ever-changing silhouettes against some unobtrusive scenery, and within these contours a rhythmic display of lines, shapes and colors?

The old ballet was calligraphic, obeying certain set formulæ and canons of beauty: the modern dance resembles individual handwriting, which is wilful and impressionistic. Whether one can be considered more beautiful than the other is a matter of taste. Toe-dancing of the Beauchamp-Noverre tradition (which had so many illustrious exponents), with its *battements, Camargo entrechats and pirouettes à quatre tours,* is surely more difficult to execute than mere improvisation, and possesses its own charm of grace and artifice, even to silk tights and ballet skirts, in no way less æsthetic than the nude legs of the Russian dancers. The loyal votaries of La Scala, perhaps, depend more on skill than temperament; the modern dancers more on temperament than skill. The latter have invented a new code of natural movements, of steps and alluring sways of limb and body, derived from classic examples, paintings, statuary, Delsartean studies and reminiscences of national, historical and religious dances. Their movements are more plastic, less academic and acrobatic, but deprived of set forms not necessarily more expressive. If at a certain climax the toe dancer, standing on the toes of one leg, spins three times around herself, the modern dancer unable to compete with this skill can produce a

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comparative effect only by increased velocity or the introduction of some dramatic expression. The one advantage dancing has gained by the innovation is a greater independence; it is no longer a mere accessory to operas, to Eden and Alhambra shows, but a performance *per se*. To fill an entire evening's entertainment with the terpsichorean endeavors of one dancer is a recital-privilege of the day (if such it is).

And what rules nowadays this excessive agility of the body? How is this confusion of visual appearances governed?

By letting the sounds of music flow through the body and by improvising in action what each bar suggests. Absorb the sounds, and motion will take care of itself. That is the new problem. To dance means to be light of foot, to have complete control over torso and limbs, to express grace and fluency of motion, to portray elemental emotions, to scatter garlands and nosegays of sentiment into space with the gestures of hands and arms, with the swing and thrust of feet and knees, and the undulations of the body. The dance measure sets the body free: the tempo determines the rapidity of motion, the rhythm controls the sway of action, the melody forces out the sentiment, and the accompaniment figures suggest the detail-embellishment. Variety of movements is the soul of this style of interpretation, and to use the same gestures in Mendelssohn's *Spring Song* as in the *Blue Danube Valtz* (as some dancers do) is an incongruity that only an ignorant public can excuse.

The themes of the modern school are rich in artistic association, poetic, scenic, musical, even philosophical. I fear, however, that the modern Taglionis and Elsslers take their art a trifle too seriously.

Vestris, the great dancing master of Louis XV, said that "a dancer must be virtuous." This is true only in so far as all arts are supposed to be above the purely sensual, i. e., they should have nothing in common with the vulgarities and monotonies of life. What an artist in his private life does, or leaves undone, should not influence the public's estimate of his art. Few arts depend so much on experience as dancing, and it is physical experience, or rather the memory of experiences transferred to physical

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movement. Herod's erotic acrobatics must necessarily be the result of erotic imagination and adventure.

Dancing is the most fleeting of all arts. It is like perfume, fugitive like the odor of fading roses, unsteady like words of love that youth whispers into willing ears. Nothing remains. It is naught but a flash of color, a sudden movement, the twinkling of limbs, an evanescent attitude—a momentary feast for the eye. For one moment it is all motion, joy, ecstasy, delirium, thereupon merely an intangible souvenir. What do the names of Taglioni and Fanny Elssler mean to our æsthetic consciousness? With what high degree of gratification have I not seen dell' Era and Cornalba dance, and yet my word-art would yield scarcely more than a dozen adjectives and half that number of metaphors to describe those past delights. No other art is so completely dependent on momentary inspiration and influences. And in that sense—and that sense alone—every dance-figure is subtle and complex. Yet it has little to do with sober logic. When once the body has learnt to obey, when the characteristics of a dance are known, it is largely an *improvisatore tour de force*. The glance, the smile, the advance, the retreat, the triumph, make the story of a dance, and it can be told as variously as there are dancers to tell it.

For that reason dancing may easily become too intellectual. We have read of Pylades and Bathyllus, dancing legends and mythological incidents, of Vestris dancing the Cid of Corneille, and of Louis XIV appearing as the Roi Soleil in the Ballet de la Nuit. Goethe has penned for us the classic poses of Lady Hamilton. And some of us have seen Isadora Duncan essaying Omar Kháyyám, endeavoring to carry out in poses the meaning of those wine-stained and rose-scented quatrains.

All these efforts, no matter how well executed, approach pantomime. They deprive dancing of its finest essence.

Pantomime means to show, by more precise attitudes and more pronounced facial expression, human emotions, passions and aspirations in a more realistic manner than dancing. Pantomime tries to prove the superfluity of human speech, and represents the first principles of the dramatic art, for there is at times

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no deeper pathos than silence. But it adds a historic element that does not help movement.

Historical and, in particular, national accuracy are desirable if introduced as mere accessories, but a too scrupulous consideration of local color, for instance in a saltarello, fandango, tirolienne or krakoviak, or historical dances like the stately sarabande and courante and the gay gaillarde and farandole, whenever it exceeds the suggestion of a mood of flavor, becomes a hindrance rather than an embellishment. Little is accomplished by reproducing Cardinal Richelieu dancing a minuet in an absurd masquerade costume at the Court of Louis XIII. And to perform an Oriental or Japanese dance accurately is almost impossible, as the Almees of Egypt and the Geishas of Japan are as rigorously trained as the ballerinas of the Paris, Berlin and Vienna opera houses.

The ballet play depicting a plot action, whether tragic, comic or allegoric (Galeotti-Delibes-Stravinsky), even if as important a composition as Beethoven's *Prometheus* and Rubinstein's *Feramors,* is closely related to the spectacular play where the effort is made to dazzle the eye by mass effects of motion, gorgeous costume and scenery, color and light effects. To interpret a character in a ballet, may it be Aladdin or Undine or Sardanapalus, is dramatic action and dumbshow and not dancing, although it may offer splendid opportunities for the introduction of solo dances, *pas de deux,* and manœuvres of coryphees in serried ranks.

The *Pastoral Symphony* of Beethoven, with its pictorial wealth of landscape, natural phenomena and buoyant humanity, of sunshine and gentle breezes waving across grass and grain, of the arrival of a pic-nic party bent on making merry, of dark clouds gathering in the sky, of the distress of the villagers amidst a thunderstorm, of the sun coming out again after the shower and the party resuming their festivities, would surely offer a series of fascinating stage pictures, yet only the peasant dances suggested by certain phrases in the score would constitute dancing. The remainder would represent the combined efforts of stage machinist and stage manager, and why these supers and properties, if the picture can be framed by the imaginative mind without special aid at the piano or concert hall?

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The true appreciation of a relief of the human figure in motion could dispense with all accessories and scenery. In a way even the solo dancer furnishes a disturbing note. One performer is rarely perfect and entirely well formed, while the various evolutions of a corps de ballet are so blended as to confuse the eye, and in that manner offer a composite impression of beauty in which the individual disappears. The performer is forgotten in the art display.

And no music is more appropriate than those pieces composed in a dance measure. As soon as music becomes purely descriptive as, for instance, in the Prelude to *Rheingold;* touches upon big emotions or elemental conditions of a distinct composite type, as in Tchaikowsky's Symphonic poems; or remains purely structural like a Bach fugue,—the dancer can interpret only the influence of these tone pictures on other minds. A band of dancers can perform with ease a quadrille of Offenbach or Musard, a Brahms valtz, a Chopin mazourka or a Liszt Chromatic Gallop. They may indulge without disaster in idyllic or emotional episodes. A genius may succeed with the *Moonshine Sonata* of Beethoven, and even Saint Saens' *Danse Macabre.* But Haydn's *Creation,* Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony,* Strauss's *Thus Spake Zarathustra* and similar tonal deluges cannot be rendered as harmonious entities. Of course, the impossible can be attempted, but the meaning will remain obscure to the audience. Synopsized dancing would be more intolerable than synopsized music.

One can dance Hamlet as little as one can dance the howling of the wind, the sweep of the rain, the swishing of treetops against old gables, the low roar of the sea against the battlements of some Maeterlinckean castle; but one can express the vague lament over all earthly things, the terror of solitude, the excitement of passions, the irritation of moods. One cannot dance a sunset, but one can salute the parting sun, express weariness of the body, longing and sadness over his departure.

The finest expression of dancing would be without music. To dance with the blades of grass to the vagaries of the wind, to use the incoming breakers as an accompaniment for a stately *pas seul* on the seashore, to gambol in corybantic effusion in the

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moonlight, to resemble black butterflies against a gold brocade background, in that lies the quintessence and the highest creative power of motion.

All our thoughts and sentiments are spirals that move upward by some mysterious power, and, transferred into sound and motion, lead us into a dreamland of the soul, where we forget. It sometimes seems to me as if dancing represented the never ending labor of nature, of the circling of the planets around the sun, the whirling of two souls around each other in search of earthly happiness, and the gyration of the soul around itself on to the final solution of atoms in limitless space.

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EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

O. F. Theis

IN the centre of Philadelphia, entirely surrounded by business, is a quiet library where there is an abundance of books. It is one of the old-fashioned libraries in which readers are allowed access to the shelves and where they may handle the books at their will. In it is an alcove of American poets with many hundreds of volumes. Many an hour have I spent in that alcove with some of the eagerness of a discoverer in thumbing over the volumes wondering when a page would turn to disclose a golden line.

It was not often that such came and usually the quest was wholly futile. Much verse there was that was merely pathetic or sadly ludicrous because of its ineffectiveness. Much there was that was more pretentious and facile in technique. It has been well said that the reading of mediocre poetry has its advantages in that it leaves the mind free and induces general reflections, and one impression that would imprint itself on the mind again and again in reading these volumes was that American poetry shows a greater gift of memory than of imagination, that even the better of it is largely a mosaic of familiar phrases and ideas that have done service with greater poets and now have a shop-worn air about them.

In reading genuine poetry such abstractions are impossible; the poet's words carry one along. A damp grey November afternoon when snow was in the air and dusk already falling has always remained distinct in my mind, for on it I came for the first time upon the following stanza:

> "There is the western gate, Luke Havergal,
> There are the crimson leaves upon the wall.
> Go,—for the winds are tearing them away,—
> Nor think to riddle the dead words they say,
> Nor any more to feel them as they fall;
> But go! and if you trust her she will call.
> There is the western gate, Luke Havergal—
> Luke Havergal."

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Here was a poem which had music, in which the lyric accents were individual. It might have been one of those unaccountable accidents by which indifferent writers sometimes achieve happy effects, but it was not, for further reading of the volume disclosed the same fine qualities. The title was *Children of the Night,* by Edwin Arlington Robinson, the author also of *Captain Craig* and *The Town Down the River,* a name then unknown to me, but one which has since come to stand for what to me is one of the most distinctive and original notes in American poetry.

Robinson is indifferent to what the current fashion in versification or mode of poetry may be. He has worked out his own way uncompromisingly. There are none of the pallid echoes heard in so many other poets. There is none of the clamor or noise of those who are, or think they are, creating new social or ethical standards. In the sweat of his brow he has labored to rid his verse of the non-essentials, of borrowed plumes, of the phraseology and diction of conventional poetry. The *clichés,* that have done service so many times that they leave only a blurred and irritating impression, are discarded. The meaty residue that is found in his pages is poetry, poetry pure and simple, and all the author's own.

As a consequence there is freshness and fulness in Robinson's art. The themes of his poetry are usually simple and consist of the common, concrete things of life. He often approaches these from unexpected angles and illumines odd corners of half-forgotten things so that they shine out with a light entirely their own. Because he is a poet and has the " sight within that never will deceive," they become endued with a wider significance; because in addition he has intelligence, they become " divinely shadowed on the walls of thought."

He is not unfamiliar with the windings and complexities of the human soul. On the contrary he is often even rather fond of what are called psychological states, as in the long narrative poem called *The Book of Annandale.* But in the end there is always a beautiful clarification and the fundamentally important motive is touched. In this above all his true artist's vision appears, for, as he has said in one of his *Octaves,*—

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"To get at the eternal strength of things,
And fearlessly to make strong songs of it,
Is, to my mind, the mission of the man
The world would call a poet. He may sing
But roughly, and withal ungraciously;
But if he touch to life the one right cord
Wherein God's music slumbers, and awake
To truth one drowsed ambition, he sings well."

Taking his artistic ideal from this point of view, he has succeeded in introducing an admirable objectivity into his work, which has, however, nothing in common with the somewhat self-conscious *l'art pour l'art,* so often dragged in to justify dealing with erotic and neurasthenic miasmas. The morasses with their iridescences and corruptions may, indeed, be the subjects of art, as Baudelaire and others have adequately shown, but they are only relatively small spots on the face of the earth, and the poet who can enter there and return with treasures is rare. There is room for true *l'art pour l'art* in the highlands and lowlands as well. To wander through them among the emotions, the gestures, the things, that are a common heritage of man; to hold them up palpitating, stripped of inconsequentials, sincerely real, is also worthy of a poet's achievement.

What theme, for instance, is more commonplace than that of the childless woman with unstilled mother instinct, and more likely to degenerate into mere rhetoric and false sentiment? Yet Robinson has taken it in his *Aunt Imogen,* who has no love save borrowed love during four weeks in a year when she visits her sister's family, and made it eloquent with poignancy by the simplest effects. Through her little nephew's words, spoken with the unconscious cruelty of childhood, the realization is brought home to her that:

"They were not hers, not even one of them:
She was not born to be so much as that,
For she was born to be Aunt Imogen."

The hard sting of grief is told in splendidly simple lines, but she is not afraid to see the truth and she gains "the largess of a woman who could smile." When the little boy who had fallen asleep in her arms woke up again;

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"She took hold of him and held him close,
Close to herself, and crushed him till he laughed."

Captain Craig, Robinson's longest poem, contains the same simple and great humanity. Captain Craig is a tramp, a waggles, a dead beat, but he is also a philosopher who has read Sophocles and made the thought of others of the wise men of this earth his own. So pretences have fallen away from him, and in the narrative pretences are shuffled off some half-dozen characters and they become clearly outlined in their true stature. It is a poem somewhat intricate in structure and packed with thought so closely that the meaning is not always apparent at first glance; but surely this is a lesser fault than to have too many words and little thought. The rich kernel is always there, and it is that Captain Craig has "learned to laugh with God." In this phrase lies much of Robinson's attitude toward life, but his laughter is a mellow laughter that is often close to tears. It will be worth while to reproduce a longer excerpt from *Captain Craig* not only because this thought occurs in it, but to show what admirable blank verse Robinson can write.

"I made a mild allusion to the Fates,
Not knowing then that ever I should have
Dream-visions of them, painted on the air,—
Clotho, Lachesis, Atropos. Faint-hued
They seem, but with a faintness never fading,
Unblurred by gloom, unshattered by the sun,
Still with eternal color, colorless,
They move and they remain. The while I write
These very words I see them,—Atropos,
Lachesis, Clotho; and the last is laughing:
When Clotho laughs, Atropos rattles her shears;
But Clotho keeps on laughing just the same.
Some time when I have dreamed that Atropos
Has laughed, I'll tell you how the colors change—
The colors that are changeless, colorless."

Nowhere, perhaps, has Robinson's art found finer expression than in his shorter poems, especially certain sonnets that bear as titles oddish proper names like *Reuben Bright, Aaron Stark, Cliff Klingenhagen,* that cling in the memory. In *Aaron Stark* it is a miser who has "eyes like little dollars in the dark"; in

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Reuben Bright it is a grief-stricken butcher who cries like a "great baby" and "made the women cry to see him cry." Similar verbal felicities can be found in nearly all his sonnets. They are marvellously complete portraits of types that on the surface seem utterly unadapted to poetic treatment. They appear almost haphazard and colloquial in expression, but this is only due to the fine art of concealing art. On each re-reading they grow on one and the appropriateness of the graphic epithets appears more perfect.

There is one sonnet in particular which, had I to make choice of a dozen English sonnets, I would include. It is called *The Clerks*.

"I did not think that I should find them there
When I came back again; but there they stood,
As in the days they dreamed of when young blood
Was in their cheeks and women called them fair.
Be sure they met me with an ancient air,—
And yes, there was a shop-worn brotherhood
About them; but the men were just as good,
And just as human as they ever were.

And you that ache so much to be sublime,
And you that feed yourselves with your descent,
What comes of all your visions and your fears?
Poets and kings are but the clerks of Time,
Tiering the same dull webs of discontent,
Clipping the same sad alnage of the years."

This is great as the paintings of Millet and certain of the works of Meunier are great. If there must be a social function in art, as some insist, a single poem like this with its honesty and sincerity is of more value than thousands of versified tracts filled with bitterness and accusation.

There are other sides to Robinson's work. Often he is purely lyrical, and his lyricism is adequate in technique and individuality. He does not fashion "In a shrewd, mechanic way, songs without souls"; he knows how to make haunting melody, as in his *Luke Havergal*, a stanza from which has been quoted at the beginning of this article. It is a poem as unique as Dowson's

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Cynara. He knows how to suggest much in a few deft, unobtrusive lines, as in his *James Wetherell:*

"We never half believed the stuff
They told about James Wetherell;
We always liked him well enough,
And always tried to use him well;
But now some things have come to light,
And James has vanished from our view,—
There isn't very much to write,
There isn't very much to do."

This is all we are told about James Wetherell. Probably he is one of the little great contemporaries, a governor, perhaps, or a congressman, or an alderman; but hasn't nearly all that is worth while saying about him poetically been said in these lines?

But Robinson is also adequate in more ambitious themes. *The Chorus of Old Men in Ægeus* is noble poetry and one of the finest expressions of the Greek spirit in English. It is sung after the king has leaped from the cliff into the sea. It is the Hellas of Sophocles that lies in choral lines like these—

"Better his end had been
To die as an old man dies,—
But the fates are ever the fates, and a crown
is ever a crown."

There is a progressive growth in Robinson's separate volumes and in the last one, *The Town Down the River,* slim though it is, there are passages that for sheer poetic inspiration surpass anything in the earlier books. Here is found the sonorous and magnificent *An Island.* It is a monologue of the sick Napoleon on St. Helena in 1821. The emperor is agonizing under the pain of incurable disease, plagued with rats and a busying physician.

"There are too many islands in this world,
There are too many rats, and there is too much rain.
So three things are made plain
Between the sea and sky:
Three separate parts of one thing, which is Pain . . .
Bah, what a way to die!"

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He is querulous and grim, a tragic, caged, sardonic figure, in the poem, but he is imperial withal, still the emperor for whom thousands were eager to rush into the mouth of death.

In the best sense of the word Robinson is an eclectic, and as the true eclectic tests all values himself, there must always be an undercurrent of sadness that there are so few. This wistfulness is found in much of Robinson's work, but there is no bitterness or complaint in it. Somewhere he says to his friends who reproach him for wearing half his life away for bubble work that only fools pursue:

> "So, friends (dear friends), remember, if you will,
> The shame I win for singing is all mine,
> The gold I miss for dreaming is all yours."

He has paid tribute to Erasmus in a sonnet and something of the spirit of that fine old humanist is in the warp and woof of Robinson's work. He is unafraid and uncompromising, he does not evade the hard facts of life, he never becomes flaccid with the radiant lies of romantic illusion, but he does not protest too solemnly. This is how the world looks to him.

> "Some are the brothers of all humankind,
> And own them, whatsoever their estate;
> And some, for sorrow and self-scorn, are blind
> With enmity for man's unguarded fate.
>
> "For some there is a music all day long
> Like flutes in Paradise, they are so glad;
> And there is hell's eternal under-song
> Of curses and the cries of men gone mad.
>
> "Some say the Scheme with love stands luminous,
> Some say 'twere better back to chaos hurled;
> And so 'tis what we are that makes for us
> The measure and the meaning of the world."

Those who burn flaringly and with a single idea and are fanatic dogmatizers are no doubt necessary. At close range they seem to loom large, but the distance of a little time shows that as artists there is little permanence in them.

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When Tolstoy complains of Shakespeare that he is immoral and irreligious because he presents good and evil deeds, noble and ignoble passions, without ever taking personal position as to what he deems good or bad, he pays the finest compliment to true art. When Robinson refuses to take position in regard to the so-called "burning questions" of the day, he is the greater artist for that. The poet has to do with unchanging moods and essentials, with the generic man; not with a mass of external phenomena, not with costume or dress.

Some one once said: "The Japanese paint a flowering twig and it is all of spring. Among us, painters paint all of spring and it is hardly a flowering twig." If the total volume of Robinson's poetry is not large, what there is of it has the qualities of real poetry. Even among the great voluminous poets much is only poor verse, and most of us must confess that what we would choose for ourselves would usually fill only a small space. The yard-stick is not the thing by which to measure poetry.

A better gauge is to be found in certain words of Leonardo da Vinci:

"O artist, let your manifoldness be as infinite as the phenomena of nature. In that you continue what God has begun, do not strive to multiply the works of the hand of man, but the eternal creations of God. Imitate no one. Let each of your works be a new phenomenon of nature."

Measured by this standard, Robinson's work is everywhere shown to be true poetry.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Horace Traubel

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—I have just read Mr. Paul Hanna's interesting article on "Horace Traubel" in the November *Forum,* but, if you will allow me to say it, I doubt if he got his account of Mr. Traubel's "quitting forever" the Philadelphia Ethical Society from Mr. Traubel himself. I was the Lecturer of the Society at that time (some twenty years ago), and, as nearly as I can remember, the facts were essentially like this:—

Mr. Traubel, who was our Secretary and one of our most active and valued members, published a paper called *The Conservator,* in which he gave much space to reports of our various meetings and earnestly sought to serve and set forth the movement, still young and needing all the help and helpful light it could command to counteract popular prejudice. I frequently announced the paper from the Sunday platform, urging it on the attention of our members and others present. But just at this time, and in connection with I have forgotten what occasion, the very individual theory of freedom and democracy which Mr. Traubel held came to a culminating and, to me, startling expression. In substance, he urged that the Society could not be for or against special ethical attitudes or opinions, even comparatively elementary ones, that it could not, for instance, be against anarchistic violence in social reform or against "free love," that all views must have equal rights. To my mind, a position like this compromised and misrepresented the movement, which had always and everywhere stood (whether in so many words or no) for positive ethical principles—and I could not in conscience continue to announce the paper, without warning against its position, and so chose the simpler course of saying nothing about it from the platform, though making no objection to its usual place on our publication table.

Mr. Traubel felt aggrieved at my attitude, and sought to have the Board of Trustees instruct me to announce the paper. Failing in this he appealed to the Society to do the same—this at an annual meeting. Only some twenty-five or thirty, however, voted for the resolution which he (or a supporter) brought in—a little over a quarter of those present; in consequence he and his supporters afterwards sent in their resignations.

It was hardly, then, a question of "a muzzle for Traubel," as Mr. Hanna puts it, but rather of whether or not a compulsion should be put on me. Mr. Traubel was as free afterwards as before to hold his ideas, and make propaganda for them, in the Society; if any proposal had been made to exclude or muzzle him, I venture to say that not one member would have favored it. In his position, he did not represent the Society—

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that was all. And yet, I never questioned that he was as conscientious in his attitude as I in mine; I respected him at the time, and have ever since—he is of the stuff of which heroes are made. The question at bottom was not of personalities or of muzzling or compulsion, but of ideas, of interpretations. He thought I had offended against equal freedom and wanted to bring me to time; I held that the Ethical Society's object and reason for being was to favor some things and oppose others, to take sides, that it could not be non-committal, or "stand indifferent" à la Walt Whitman. Sometimes the course of events cannot be helped; and the truer men are, the more inevitable the tragic issue. All the same, to misrepresent events (however unconsciously) is *not* necessary, and, as I read Mr. Hanna's picturesque details—for all of them, the reader must go back to his article, p. 712—I could only think of what Matthew Arnold used to say of some of the early Christian stories, "Behold a legend growing under our eyes!"

WM. M. SALTER.

MUNICH.

Vivisection

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—As an admirer of your fearless policy of discussing evils as they are without regard to the feelings of those who profit thereby, thus showing your independence of any subsidizing or restraining influence, I am tempted to request that you publish an article against vivisection, its inhumanity and cruelty, if you will, but at all events, its resultant train of serums, antitoxins and vaccines, which pecuniarily interested physicians and health officers are more and more forcing upon school children, soldiers and sailors, other government employees and the whole population in general. Accredited science is practising charlatanism as much as ever the patent medicine quacks did, and beneath it all is the same unscrupulous motive of commercial gain, plus an element of desire for personal distinction, as in the case of some of the Rockefeller Institute celebrities. Some newspapers and periodicals which are commonly supposed to be owned by the Standard Oil or allied interests are stout defenders of the Rockefeller Institute, and feature everything claimed by Drs. Flexner and Carel without waiting for the slightest proof of the validity of the claim. Is it past belief that the Standard Oil crowd, branching out as they are in the salmon canneries of Alaska; the manufacture of Karo syrup and other corn products; the ownership of the chain of "Childs'" restaurants; the making of candy as charged in *Hampton's Magazine* a couple of years or so ago in Cleveland Moffett's article which caused the ruin of *Hampton's;* the control of various railroads, iron mines, etc.—I say is it past belief that some of the crowd are interested in the vaccine plants of the country in which we are told $30,000,000 has been invested, and for the products of which the Rocke-

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feller Institute is always fostering an increased demand in quantity and variety?

Mr. Edward Carpenter was a vice-president of the International Anti-Vivisection and Animal Protection Congress which just closed its sessions in this city; so were Edwin Markham, Maurice Maeterlinck, Jerome K. Jerome, and scores of authors and other persons of prominence.

In June, *The Cosmopolitan* published an article by Ella Wheeler Wilcox against vivisection. I wrote her a note of appreciation, and in reply her secretary, under date of August 25, 1913, advised me that Mrs. Wilcox was preparing a second article on the same subject for the same magazine. The editor requested the second article because he had received such a large number of commendatory letters on the first one.

JAMES P. BRIGGS.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

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EDITORIAL NOTES

The School-master at Home

WITH the Tariff Bill and the Currency Bill out of the way, with interlocked directorates gracefully untwining themselves in response to a hint, and with the whole country becoming accustomed to a national administration instead of a national maladministration, it is possible to appreciate in its entirety the first lesson taught by the mere "schoolmaster" whom Mr. William Randolph Hearst and his associates so grievously doubted. It has been a wholesome, fruitful lesson, and it should prove conclusively that a mastery of theory is not necessarily a hindrance to effective practice. Yet many gloomy prophets, reasoning delightfully from their conviction that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, announced that greater knowledge must inevitably be disastrous. Their attitude was expressed in the contemptuous query: "Cometh there any good thing out of education?" The answer has been printed in large type on several pages of national history.

The New York Police Department

COMMISSIONER WALDO has departed, ungraciously, and Commissioner McKay reigns in his stead.

It is not necessary to refer more explicitly to the outgoing Commissioner. All good citizens have united in speeding the parting guest—regretting only that the speeding could not have been accelerated. But his legacy remains: for it can scarcely be disputed that, whether with or without clear design, Mr. Waldo made the appointment of Commissioner McKay inevitable.

But the new Commissioner will be judged by his actions, not by his antecedents. Whether his tenure of office be brief or prolonged, he can render inestimable service to the city by merely doing his duty and displaying normal common sense, initiative, and foresight. After the ineptitude of the last régime, these qualities will seem almost astounding; but there is no reason why a Police Commissioner should not possess and use them.

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Commissioner McKay has started bravely in issuing warning that the city is no longer to be the happy hunting ground of all the rascaldom that Tammany fosters, feeds, and protects. The impotence of some former Commissioners to deal with the organized gangs of criminals has been pathetic. Wherever two or three were gathered together in the name of vice, a clear field was courteously assigned to them—apparently on the theory that a vulture which has gorged to repletion may be temporarily less aggressive than one which is still lean and unsatisfied. Hence the amazing spectacle of the underworld patrolling its precincts, for pleasure or profit, in automobiles, while the average long-suffering citizen continues to justify his destiny as a strap-hanger.

Yet, though it is easy for an energetic Commissioner like Mr. McKay to see that the " crooks " stand not upon the order of their going, but go, it is not quite so easy to settle the question of where they are to go, and when they are to come back. A mere temporary sojourn at a fashionable watering-place, and a gradual return to the homes for which they have preyed so long, will scarcely solve the problem of " What to do with our criminals." Perhaps the best thing to do would be to stop manufacturing them; but, until civilization advances beyond the ostrich stage, and the Churches and society come a little nearer to the spirit of Christianity and progress a little beyond the letter of the law, the greatest industry of modern times will continue to flourish, with every tenement a factory and every millionaire a valued expert.

In the meantime, more primitive measures must suffice for primitive conditions. If Commissioner McKay can clear New York of its criminals, he will be gratefully commended for proving that the Police Department really exists to discourage, and not exploit, criminality. But the " crooks " will go somewhere else; and, though somewhere else is a trifle vague, its views with regard to its new inhabitants may be very definite.

Tammany Protégés

WHILE Commissioner McKay is removing superfluous criminals from the streets of the city, many other Tammany pro-

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tégés continue to adorn public offices, vitiate public life, and even shed lustre on the bench.

The election of John Purroy Mitchel as Mayor shows that the people are beginning to realize their responsibility and their power. It will be Mr. Mitchel's special privilege and pleasure to prove to Tammany that a scandalous organization cannot expect to be treated as a reputable political machine. The first lesson—and it cannot be made too clear—should be that association with Tammany is an absolute disqualification for any and every form of public office. No man can serve Murphy and preserve decency.

Vice-Admirals

THERE seems to be a curious idea that the creation of the rank of vice-admiral in the navy would be fundamentally opposed to all the principles and ideals of democracy, impolite to the constitution, and, no doubt, ultimately fatal to the country and the nation. It is difficult to discover who was primarily responsible for this nonsense. The navy imperatively needs four vice-admirals, and, if the greater efficiency of our fleets and naval operations is incompatible with democratic principles, it is time that democratic principles were brought a little into line with common sense.

Kikuyu

THE controversy now raging in the Anglican Church may seem incredible to those who have begun to think in terms of modern life.

Distressed by the steady growth of Mohammedanism in East Africa, about sixty Christian missionaries met in conference at the little town of Kikuyu. Although they represented various religious denominations, they were more concerned with the points of agreement than with those of disagreement, and the fraternal spirit was emphasized by a united communion, the Bishops of Uganda and Mombasa officiating. This violation of the rubric defining the eligibility of communicants was at once denounced by the Bishop of Zanzibar, and the denunciation has been repeated and emphasized in England until a very pretty wrangle has resulted.

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How far the traditional jealousy between the Church Missionary Society and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel is responsible, is not quite clear; but it may safely be assumed that these bodies will throw nothing but oil on the flames. A complete reorganization of the societies would do some good; but their total abolition would do much more, if the funds that they control could be placed in the hands of wiser administrators.

With regard to the technical point at issue, criticism, though easy, is undesirable. So long as the Churches are guided mainly by the letter of the law there will be found well-meaning and sincere men who attach more importance to the interpretation of a rubric than to the remoulding of mediævalism so that it may be less hopelessly out of touch with modern conditions, modern ideals, and the growing modern impatience with provincialism.

The Mystery of Edwin Drood

THE trial of John Jasper, in King's Hall, Covent Garden, for the murder of his nephew, Edwin Drood, afforded the usual opportunity for George Bernard Shaw to amuse himself, and, incidentally, his audience.

Mr. Shaw was on his feet immediately after counsel for the prosecution sat down.

"Do I understand," he asked, "that the learned counsel is going to call evidence?"

"Certainly," replied counsel.

"Then all I can say is," rejoined Mr. Shaw, "that if the learned gentleman thinks the convictions of a British jury are going to be influenced by evidence, he little knows its functions."

American juries, of course, are immune from such satire.

The final verdict may be perplexing to the layman, but it will seem the sweetest reasonableness to the trained lawyer, whose sense of humor has been nourished on an unbroken chain of precedents:

"Following distinguished precedent, we considered our verdict in the luncheon interval, and are inclined to a verdict of not guilty, since there is no proof of the crime; but the British spirit of compromise and moderation afterwards seized us, and our

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verdict is one of manslaughter, with a recommendation to mercy; but at the same time we plead with your lordship not to show any weakness, but to vindicate the full majesty of the law."

Excellent fooling, i' faith—and entirely worthy of a regular court of justice.

Fanny Burney and Proof-reading

WHEN *Camilla* was published, the author presented early copies, beautifully bound, to her old mistress, the Queen, and to the King. During her reception in the Queen's dressing-room, the King entered, and, as usual, flustered round with his irritating "what? what?" and with impulsive and characteristically foolish questions. But one remark was pertinent. He inquired who had corrected the proofs of the book, the author timidly answering, "Only myself." "Why," cried the King, genuinely delighted at last to have something sensible to say, "some authors have told me they are the last to do that work for themselves. They know so well what ought to be that they run on without knowing what is. They have told me, besides, that a mere plodding head is best and surest for that work and that the livelier the imagination the less it should be trusted to."

Sir Henry Lucy, who tells the story, amongst many others, in a recent issue of *The Cornhill Magazine,* adds: "This remark is so shrewd and far-seeing that one is disposed to doubt whether King George actually hit upon it, or whether Fanny Burney, out of her great possessions, did not generously, perhaps unwittingly, attribute it to him."

Many professional proof-readers of the present day have evidently taken the remark too seriously. They have often a thankless task, but a little imagination would not be fatal. Especially deplorable is the type which is convinced that its main function is to correct the punctuation of competent writers and restore it to its pristine elementary school rigidity. To surround conjunctions with commas is not always essential, and an author who prefers to be abstemious in such cases may be allowed a little latitude in depositing one of the commas he has saved in a place that seems to him entirely suitable.

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